

K Richardson (Wm)

P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

R U R A L.

ET PARVAE NONNULLA EST GRATIA MUSAE.

MARTIAL.

G L A S G O W:

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P O E M S

THE CHIEF

R U A L



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES SHAW, LORD CATHCART,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PEERS

OF SCOTLAND,

PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF POLICE

IN THAT PART OF THE

UNITED KINGDOM,

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF

HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND

MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,

ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE

MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

LATELY HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR,

EXTRAORDINARY AND

PLENIPOTENTIARY,

TO THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,

COMMISSIONER TO THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

AND RECTOR OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE

RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

OF HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,

AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

GLASGOW-COLLEGE,

January 12th, 1774.

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O D E S,
IDYLLIONS,
AND
ANACREONTICS.

A

O D E

IDYLLIONS

AND

ANACREONTICS

H Y M N

T O

V I R T U E.

EVER lovely and benign,
Endowed with energy divine,
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed
The great design, the heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,
Changed fortune frowns, and thunders roll.
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease;
Admired, adored, let Beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the soul;
Unless with purifying fires
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,
In vain, to bar intruding wo,
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow.

4 A HYMN TO VIRTUE.

To me thy sovereign gift impart,
The resolute unshaken heart
To guide me from the flowery way
Where Pleasure tunes her siren-lay:
Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,
The poisonous shaft concealed, prepare!
And shield me with thy generous pride
When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride.
Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray
Mislead my reason, and betray
My fancy with the gilded dream
Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.
But let my soul consenting flow
Compassionate of others wo:
Teach me the kind endearing art
To heal the mourner's broken heart,
To ease the rankling wounds of Care,
And sooth the frenzy of Despair.
So, lovely virgin, may I gain
Admission to thy hallowed fane,
Where Peace of Mind, of eye serene,
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And smites the consecrated lyre.
And may that minstrelsy, whose charm
Can Rage, and Grief, and Care disarm,
Can passion's lawless force controul,
Soothe, melt, and elevate my soul!

THE WAIL OF ELVINA.

A N O D E.

WHAT time the soft-eyed star of eve
Gleamed on the gently-trembling wave,
From Bara's isle the sighing gale
Wafted Elvina's rueful wail.
Forlorn her lovely locks she tore,
And poured her sorrows on the desert shore.

"Ye rocks," she cried, "ye shelving caves
"Whose sides the briny billow laves,
"Ye cliffs far-frowning o'er the deep,
"Ye lonely isles, to you I weep,
"Far distant from my father's halls,
"The towers of Edred, and my native walls.

"Where have thy sons, O Edred, fled?
"Dismal and dark their narrow bed!
"Silent they sleep! the north-wind cold
"Blows dreary o'er their crumbling mould.
"Silent they sleep! no dawning day
"Visits the grave, or wakes their shrouded clay.

"At dead of night a cry was heard——
"O why was Edred unprepar'd?
"No watchman on the castle-wall!
"No wakeful warrior in the hall!

6 THE WAIL OF ELVINA.

“ At dead of night the crafty foe
“ Rushed from the main and struck the vengeful blow,

“ To arms, cried Edred ! but in vain !
“ I saw my warlike brothers slain !
“ I saw my father’s bosom gor’d !
“ By Cadwal’s numerous host o’erpower’d
“ He fell ! and from the gushing wound,
“ Reeking and red his life-blood streamed around,

“ Mingling with smoke I saw the fire
“ Along the rending walls aspire !
“ Now rage impetuous in the hall !
“ (I heard the crashing rafters fall !)
“ Now o’er the roof and turrets high
“ It blazes fierce and furious to the sky.

“ O spare a helpless maiden, spare !
“ The orphan’s piteous pleading hear !—
“ They bore me thence. My streaming eyes
“ Beheld these awful cliffs arise.
“ Foul ravisher !—Ye rocks, ye waves,
“ O save me, hide me in your lonely caves!

“ Foul ravisher !—yet pale Dismay
“ And Vengeance mark thee for their prey :
“ Unnerved, appalled by conscious fear,
“ Remorse shall drive thee to despair :

THE WAIL OF ELVINA. 7

" My spirit, wailing in the blast,

" Shall shake the counfels of thy guilty breast."

'Twas thus she wailed, till by degrees

The voice came broken in the breeze ;

The seaman, piteous of her wo,

Turned to the shore his friendly prow,

But long, alas ! ere dawn of day,

The voice grew weak, and feebly dy'd away.

THE ROSE.

AN IDYLLION.

SAID Ino, " I prefer the Rose
" To every vernal flower that blows ;
" For when the smiling seasons fly,
" And winds and rain deform the sky,
" And Roses lose their vivid bloom,
" Their leaves retain a sweet perfume.
" Emblem of Virtue! Virtue stays
" When Beauty's transient hue decays :
" Nor Age, nor Fortune's frowns efface
" Or injure her inherent grace."
" True," answered Daphnis ; " but observe,
" Unless some careful hand preserve
" The leaves, before their tints decay,
" They fall neglected : blown away
" By wintry winds and beating rains,
" No vestige of perfume remains.
" Some kindly hand must interpose,
" For sore the wintry tempest blows,
" And weak and delicate the Rose."

DAPHNIS AND INO.

AN IDYLLION.

AS Daphnis, amorous shepherd, sung

Ino the beautiful and young,

"Cease," said the nymph, "let Virtue's praise

"Adorn and elevate thy lays:

"The tuneful Muses were design'd

"To raise and purify the mind.

"Paint the fair feelings of the heart,

"Candor that scorns ignoble art,

"Simplicity devoid of guile,

"Pity's soft eye, and Mercy's smile:

"Nor let the rhyme for ever run

"Sacred to Venus and her son."

The obedient shepherd told how fair

The native charms of Virtue were,

And how her heavenly smiles impart

Extatic rapture to the heart.

"Mild," he sung, "as orient day,

"And beauteous as the bloom of May,

"She moves with grace, and speaks with ease;

"For Nature formed the fair to please:

"Loose flow her tresses to the gale,

"The loveliest virgin of the vale."

The gamesome shepherds laughed, and said,

"Yes, Virtue is a lovely maid,

10 DAPHNIS AND INO.

" And, strange to tell, we oft have seen
 " The goddess dancing on the green !
 " Daphnis even now perceives the fair!
 " Why else his warm impassioned air ?
 " Why else the flames that fire his eye ?
 " Lost voice ? and pulses beating high ?"
 Ino blushed lovelier than the rose
 That with the dewy morning blows,
 And conscious would have frowned : in vain !
 A smile surprized her ! and again
 She blushed, and would have frowned ; but still
 The sportive traitors of her will,
 Unbidden smiles, the nymph betray'd,
 And with her frowns and blushes play'd.
 " Mistaken boy !" she cried, " away !
 " Nor venture on the moral lay :
 " Fit minstrel of the Idalian grove,
 " Go sing of Venus and of love."
 The disconcerted shepherd sigh'd :
 And to the blushing maid replied,
 " 'Tis said or sung, would Virtue deign
 " In mortal guise to visit men,
 " Glowing with elegant desire
 " All that beheld her would admire.
 " With this opinion I agree,
 " For, Ino, she would smile like thee !
 " Like thee would sweetly muse ; thy bloom,
 " Thy form and features would assume ;

DAPHNIS AND INO. 11

" Would mildly censure if my lay
" In beauty's praise should go astray.
" To me, transported with my theme,
" Already ye appeared the same!
" Shepherds, be candid, was I far to blame?"

B 2

THE BEE

AN IDYLLION.

" THAT Bee," romantic Ino said,
" Gathering the fragrance of the mead,
" With dews, and juices from the dell,
" Assiduous stores her waxen cell.
" Soon as the vernal zephyr blows,
" Soon as the blush of morning glows,
" To banks of thyme she hastes away,
" And ere the fragrant blooms decay,
" Unwearied loads her little thighs,
" Her work with busy murmur plies,
" Nor, fluttering vain on idle wing,
" In pastime wastes the breathing spring,
" Till all the dewy blossoms fade,
" And winter desolate the mead.
" So, warned by Wisdom's prudent lore,
" Man should improve the present hour,
" And, like the Bee, should spurn delay,
" For time will swiftly fly away."
She said. But, with a roguish smile,
Love sily listened all the while,
And thus resumed the moral lay,
" Yes, time will swiftly fly away:
" To give the formal dame her due,
" Wisdom for once hath spoken true:
" Then hasten, Ino, and enjoy
" The hour ere youth and beauty fly."

O N A U T U M N.

TIME flies, how unperceived, away !

Erewhile the rosy-bosomed May

Adorned the woods and plains :

Now May's enlivening smiles are fled,

And see, in yellow robes array'd,

The jolly Autumn reigns.

And soon will Autumn disappear,

Stern Winter desolate the year,

And storms invade the skies.

So man, the pageant of an hour,

Shines for a time in pomp and power,

And then unheard of dies.

Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal state,

Nor the vain-glory of the great,

Nor gold, nor glittering gems,

Can purchase life : not even a mind

Warm with the love of all mankind

The parting breath redeems.

Yet for the few in Virtue's cause,

Who spite of Custom's tyrant-laws,

Contemn low-minded Care,

A radiant wreath of power to save

Beyond oblivion and the grave

Celestial hands prepare.

O N W I N T E R,

LO ! the fragrant flowers decay,
The balmy zephyrs haste away,
From the storm-engendering north
Black embattled clouds come forth,
And Winter through the lurid air
Rolls his fable-courser'd car :
Around him kindred tempests croud,
And sweeping whirlwinds howl aloud.
Ushered with awful storms that roar
Impetuous from the mountain hoar,
Darkness descending spreads her veil
Of thickest gloom on hill and dale,
On lofty hall and turret high,
And not a star illumines the sky.
Now my frequent steps repair
Where Friendship, with enlivening air,
Fills the gayly-sparkling bowl :
To joy unbending all my soul
While blyth good-humour brings along
The witty tale, the lively song,
Laughter free, and Converse gay,
Stealing the gloomy hours away.
Hence Reserve with searching eye,
Malice, and whispering Calumny ;
Hence Revelry profane and rude,
Rusticity's unpolished brood ;

Ye fell corroding Cares, away !
On Avarice or Envy prey.
But if sublimer joys invite,
Beneath the favouring gloom of night
I trim my lamp, revolve the page,
And scan the labours of the sage :
Chiefly of those whose curious art
Explores the mazes of the heart ;
Explains what fine connections bind
The kindred sympathies of mind ;
Marks how the grouped ideas rise
To please, astonish, and surprize ;
And how the various figures flow
Rapid with joy, with sorrow slow ;
How wild the ungoverned passions roll ;
How Rage and Hatred shake the soul ;
How Envy poisons our repose ;
And Vice begets a thousand woes.
Rapt with the theme, O may I feel
How Virtue bids the storm be still,
Bids every raging passion cease,
And pours the heavenly beam of peace.
When darkness and the tempests fly,
If frosts unveil the azure sky,
Along the southern lea the Muse
Her sweetly-pensive walk pursues,
Or by the brown forsaken wood,
Or by the icy-fettered flood.

Though May her glowing tints refuse,
The rural scene invites the Muse:
Though flashing meteors fire the pole,
Though storms descend, and thunders roll,
The soul, alive to Nature's charms,
Rejoices in her dread alarms.
Even 'mid the waste of wintry skies
Beauty salutes poetic eyes;
For see! what gems of various ray
Sparkle on the leafless spray!
Brighter, I ween, than those that shine
In the Indian or Brazilian mine.
And where projecting rocks distil
Through mossy chinks the living rill,
What strange enchantment meets my eyes?
Lo! chrystal battlements arise!
Here fairy towers of orient sheen,
And pillared porticos are seen,
Where some Elfin dame may dwell,
Sovereign of the potent spell.—
These, Winter, these delights are thine,
For these before thy icy shrine
I bend me, and devoutly pay
The tribute of a grateful lay.

THE DEATH OF EIRA.

AN ODE.

STROPHE.

KILDA! by thy winding shore,
By thy cliffs and mountains hoar,
Eira, lovely as the morn,
Perished frantic and forlorn.
Wild, from yon towering mountain high,
Heard ye not the raven cry?
Through the tempest-threatening air
The sea-fowl screamed afar;
Then down the heaven's stupendous steep
The spirit of the whirlwind rode,
His fable courfers plowed the deep,
And Ocean's angry surges roared aloud.

ANTISTROPHE.

To the rock whose rugged brow
Frowns on the foamy tide below,
See! the billow-heaving blast
Drives the bark with headlong haste.
The tempest rattles in the sails:
Now nor sail, nor helm avails!
Ah mariners! in wayward hour
Ye brave the whirlwind's power.—

18 THE DEATH OF EIRA.

They perish ! 'twas the cry of wo !—
And now it sounds a wilder strain !
And now—'tis past ! at pleasure blow
Tempests ! at pleasure heave the billowy main.

E P O D E.

Wild as raging winds and waves,
Wild and weeping Eira raves,
Beats her bosom, rends her hair !
Her bridegroom perished in the main !
Thy sorrow, Eira, streams in vain !
No pity sways the storm's inhuman ear.
Him whom Kilda's maids deplore,
Pleasing to thy soul no more,
On the boiling billow tost
Down to Erin's shelving coast,
Him relentless winds and waves
Drive through the deeps and coral caves.
" And there I'll clasp his corse ! " she frantic cried,
And headlong plunged into the roaring tide.

THE INVITATION.

AN IDYLLION.

FAIR Lady, leave parade and show,
O leave thy courtly guise a while:
For thee the vernal breezes blow,
And groves, and flowery valleys smile:

For no conceited selfish pride
Corrupts thy taste for rural joy:
Nor can thy gentle heart abide
The taunting lip, or scornful eye.

Nor scorn, nor envy harbour here,
Nor discord, nor profane desires:
No flattery shall offend thine ear,
For love our faithful song inspires.

When smiling morn ariseth gay,
Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn,
Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,
Our songs salute the rosy dawn.

When noon-tide scorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade,
We seek the cool refreshing rills
That warble through the green-wood glade,

20 THE INVITATION.

But when the lucid star of eve
Shines in the western sky serene,
The swains and shepherdesses weave
Fantastic measures on the green.

O Lady, change thy splendid state,
With us a shepherdess abide;
Contentment dwells not with the great,
But flies from avarice and pride.

The groves invite thee, and our vale,
Where every fragrant bud that blows,
And every stream, and every gale
Will yield thee pastime and repose.

THE PAINTER.

AN ANACREONTIC.

WHEN Caea's son aspir'd to fame,
Aspir'd to paint the Paphian dame,
Despairing even in Greece to find
In one the numerous charms combin'd
Of mien, and shape, and hue, and air,
That constitute the peerless fair,
And being bound, in love and duty,
To paint a paragon of beauty,
He travelled far, and gathered graces,
In various lands, from various faces.
The maidens, emulous of fame,
Crouded where'er the painter came:
One gave the soft seducing eye,
And one the morn's vermilion dye,
Another gave her flowing hair,
And some seemed conscious of their air,
Or bade the snowy bosom heave,
Or symmetry, or sweetness gave.
In Britain's isle, in modern times,
Believe me, though I deal in rhymes,
Instead of wandering far and near
For bloom and features, shape and air,
Charmed in one heavenly form to find
Beauty's subduing powers combin'd,
The artist would have saved his toil,
Had he beheld Lavinia smile.

T H E R E L A P S E.

A N I D Y L L I O N.

I'M free ! no more with dance and song,
Shepherds, I join the rural throng,
For love in your assembly reigns.
I'm free ! I've broke the tyrant's chains.
Hence, far hence now let me stray
Where woods exclude the glare of day,
Where the tumbling high cascade
Rushes through the rocky glade,
Where the mournful stock-dove moans,
And the groves return her groans,
And no joyful sound is near
Rudely to invade mine ear.
Sweet Meditation, nymph that loves !
To roam by twilight in the groves,
Conduct me to thy mossy cell,
Where all alone thou lovest to dwell,
Save when musing Melancholy
Shuns with thee the noise of Folly ;
And ever teach me to despise
Of fleeting life the cares or joys.
Life, scene of troubles and of toils !
Unless when my Lavinia smiles.
Lavinia ! how the magic name
Shoots through my soul a living flame !

THE RELAPSE.

23

Subdues me ! glides into my song !—

Ah me ! these gloomy groves among

I said I would securely rove

Free from the tyranny of love !

In vain !—Adieu, ye lonely streams,

Where meek-eyed Meditation dreams ;

Adieu, ye close embowering shades,

For love your thickest gloom pervades.

H Y M N
T O T H E M U S E.

S T R O P H E.

WHILE I tune the votive lay,
And invoke the Muse's aid,
Hence, ye harpy cares, away!
Nor profane the hallowed shade.
Benign inspirer of my song
O come, and with thee bring along,
Essential to the tuneful vein,
Calm quiet, and the soul serene.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Often have I left the plains,
Left the rural sports and play,
Careless of the nymphs and swains,
Of their games and pastime gay;
By thee of every care beguiled,
Thoughtful I ranged the pathless wild,
Where lonely lakes reflect the skies,
And groves and hoary rocks arise.

E P O D E.

Far in the forest's awful shade,
Where Solitude, of pensive mien,
Reclined beside the high cascade,
Admires the wild romantic scene,
Pleased as the torrent roars along,
Or listening to the turtle's song;

HYMN TO THE MUSE. 25

Often my enchanted eyes
Saw thy mystic band arise,
And thy magic numbers stole
Murmuring sweetly on my soul.

STROPHE.

Ever as returning spring
Smiled auspicious on the mead,
And the tempest's hoary king
Howling in the whirlwind fled,
By thee enlivened and inspir'd,
By nature's powerful beauty fir'd,
Careless of censure, blyth and free,
I sung of nature and of thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

In the stream-divided glade,
O how sweet with thee unseen,
By the bloomy hawthorn shade
To enjoy the pensive scene,
When Hesper closed the gates of day,
And Cynthia, with her silver ray,
Arising o'er the mountain's brow,
Gladdened the gloomy vale below.

EPODE.

Then issuing from their rocky shelves,
Where dripping rills fast-trickling strain
In order meet the fairy-elves
Extend along the flowery plain:

D

26 HYMN TO THE MUSE.

And now the mazy ranks advance,
Revolving wild the mystic dance;
Shrill the elfin minstrels sing,
By the stream the sprightly ring
Lightly trip the dewy plain
Round and round the glow-worm's train.

STROPHE.

Muse, thy sweet assuasive power
Soothes my soul, assailed with grief,
As the soft-descending shower
Gives the sickening rose relief,
When o'er the yellow meads and vales
The madding rage of noon prevails,
And flowers and vivid verdure fade,
And shepherds seek the embowering shade.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thee, to Virtue near ally'd,
No ignoble cares controul;
Scorning pomp, despising pride,
Thine the independent soul.
How dear to love and friendship thou
Of turtle-eye and placid brow,
For feelings exquisitely fine
And truth and tenderness are thine.

EPODE.

While others in adventurous flight
Soar high on Pegasus wing,
Eager to sound the bloody fight
And red-ey'd war's terrific king,

HYMN TO THE MUSE. 27

Give me, amid the lonely grove,
Unseen, unheard, with thee to rove,
Free from anxious doubts and fears,
Far from pride and courtly cares,
Pallid envy, fierce debate,
Calumny, and rankling hate.

D 2

H Y M N
T O H E A L T H.

O by the gentle gales that blow
Refreshing from the mountain's brow,
By the vermil bloom of morn,
By the dew-drop on the thorn,
By the sky-lark's matin lay,
By the flowers that blooming May
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
By the brooks and fuming rills,
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be
Our queen of rural sports and glee.
What sudden radiance gilds the skies !
What warblings from the groves arise !
A breeze more odoriferous blows !
The stream more musically flows !
A brighter smile the valley wears !
And lo ! the lovely queen appears.
O Health, I know thy blue-bright eye,
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
That wins a smile from pining care.
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,
The zone of Venus girds thy waist,
The young Loves flutter round thy breast,

HYMN TO HEALTH. 29

And on thy path the rose-winged Hours
Scatter their variegated flowers.
See ! the nymphs, and every swain
Mingle in thy festive train,
With roguish winks, and winning wiles,
And whispering low, and dimpling smiles,
And many a tale, devised with care,
To win the bashful maiden's ear ;
And sweetly soothing blandishment,
And the coy air of half consent ;
And Joy, and rose-complexioned Laughter
With tottering footstep following after.
Goddeſs ever blyth and fair,
Ever mild and debonair,
Stay with us, and deign to be
Our Queen of rural mirth and glee.

A N A C R E O N T I C,

I FAIN would smite a louder string,
Of arms and martial feats would sing,
How Wolf subdued the Gallic pride,
And like the conquering Theban died ;
How foremost in the ranks of war,
The sword of Scotland flamed afar,
Dealt wild destruction to the foe,
And laid the howling Indian low.
From Pindus, from Castalia's streams,
Deep-read in forms, and learned in names,
I bid the Muse ascend sublime,
And build the everlasting rhyme:
But forms, and long, learned words are vain,
Harsh and uncouth the stubborn strain.
But when I sing the power of love,
Melody delights the grove,
Fragrant blooming flowers arise,
Breathing incense to the skies ;
Soft as evening zephyrs blow
The ambling easy numbers flow,
And by this proof convinced, I see,
O Love ! I have no Muse but thee.

1 D Y L L I O N

To a GENTLEMAN of the West-Indies on
his marriage.

“ AND thou hast dared to wear the chain !

“ And flowery may the fetters be !

“ If merit can the meed obtain,

“ Content will ever smile on thee.

“ Connubial blessings shall be thine,

“ Connubial virtues warm thy breast :

“ Truth, candour, and good-humour join

“ To render thee supremely blest.”

As thus the swain, from every hill,
From every vale, and woody plain,
From every brook, and gushing rill
Wild-nymphs replied in plaintive strain.

“ Far from his native glades and groves,

“ Far hence our chearful shepherd strays,

“ Mid southern isles and oceans roves,

“ Nor heeds our gratulating lays.

“ Yet here no fiery ray inflames

“ The breezeless sky : our zephyrs blow

“ Fresh from the mountain : and our streams

“ Cool through the verdant valley flow.

" Here Health of roseat hue invites,
" Her breath perfumes the downy gale,
" The warbling of her song delights
" The echoing green hill and the vale.

" Blest with the affections of the fair,
" With truth, and peace, and lasting joy,
" Ne'er may the gloomy cloud of care
" The sunshine of his soul destroy."

Thine absence thus our valley mourns,
And thus we hail thy tender love :
Echo the strain returns, returns
A mother's voice from G—— grove.

TO
H E A L T H.
A N I D Y L L I O N.

GENIAL Health ! that loves to dwell
Mid the rural wild retreat,
Where the balmy-breathing gale
Aye perfumes thy grassy seat :

Goddeſs of the enlivening ſmile,
On thy cheek the roſes glow,
And thy winning words beguile
Sorrow and the pangs of wo.

Ever on the upland lawn
Warbleſt thou the oaten reed,
When the roſy-featured dawn
Beams upon the yellow mead.

Blythly dancing art thou ſeen
With the ſwains and ſilvan maids,
When along the lillied green
Eve her dewy mantle ſpreads.

Goddeſs, from the flowery waſte,
Hear a ſimple ſhepherd's prayer :
Hear our valley's fond requeſt,
And to Phoebe's bower repair.

E

With thy lenient breezes come!
With the enlivening smile of joy!
O restore her fading bloom!
O relume her languid eye!

And I ween no vulgar meed
Shall reward thy guardian care,
If a shepherd's simple reed
Ever won thyl listening ear.

ANACREONTIC

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

On her humourously advertising the loss of a
favourite Needle.

THE needle's found ! the needle's mine !

But ah ! the point is too, too fine !

I feel the wound ! the wicked boy

Named Love, so mischievous and fly,

Sad trick ! hath used it as a dart,

And fixt it in my bleeding heart.

But, Madam, you might ease my pain,

Your needle too you might regain,

Would you but take this heart of mine,

Both heart and needle should be thine.

THE INVITATION.

Written at ST. PETERSBURGH.

LESBIA, return—I cannot say
To flowery fields, and seasons gay:
The Muse desponding cannot sing
Of the sweet garniture of Spring,
Of sunny hills, and verdant vales,
And groves, and streams, and gentle gales:
These in more hospitable climes
May run mellifluous in my rhymes:
For Winter, hoary and severe,
Rules, an imperious despot, here.
In chains the headlong flood he binds,
He rides impetuous on the winds,
Before him awful forests bend,
And tempests in his train contend.
But what though wintry winds prevail,
And Boreas sends his rattling hail,
Siberian snows, and many a blast
Howling along the dreary waste,
From Samoïda to the shores
Where the agitated Euxine roars,
Thy blameless wit, thy polished sense,
Can ease and gaiety dispense.
Come then, my lovely Maid, and bring
The kindly influence of Spring:
Come with thy animating air,
And nature's weary waste repair.

H Y M N
T O
S O L I T U D E.

YE vales, ye venerable shades,
Ye gloomy groves, romantic glades,
To your retreats I fly;
Remote from Pride's disdainful sneer,
And Folly's rude, unmeaning leer,
And Envy's venom'd eye.
Oriads and Dryads, silvan powers,
Inhabiting the caves and bowers,
Or ye that from the rocks and hills
Send rivers and refreshing rills,
Propitious guide me to the dells
Where Solitude in quiet dwells.
O have ye seen the gentle maid,
Her tresses waving to the wind,
Like a young shepherdess array'd,
All in the mossy cave reclin'd,
Where the fragrant woodbine blows,
And a limpid fountain flows
Murmuring through the vale,
While far amid the deepening grove
Lorn Philomel attunes her love
In wild notes warbling to the according gale?

38 HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

There musing Melancholy reigns,
And as she breathes her solemn strains,
The pensive thoughts in soft succession rise,
Heaves the warm heart, and swim the tearful eyes.

O Solitude, of soul serene,
Of thoughtful eye, and modest mien,
Lovely philosophic maid
Guide me to thy silent shade.
Often in thy woody dell,
The Muses tune the charming shell
That fills the soul with heavenly fires,
Undaunted fortitude inspires,
Inspires magnanimous designs,
The grovelling appetites refines,
The silken bands of pleasure breaks,
And vice's wide dominion shakes.
From thee arose the Samian song ;
From thee the laws of Numa sprung ;
In later times, by thee reveal'd,
Luther the beam of truth beheld,
And fearless bade the powerful light
Confound the spectres of the night ;
Night fled with Superstition's train,
The scourge, the rack, the galling chain.

O lead me to the solemn groves,
Where heavenly Contemplation roves :
The holy hermit often strays
Far from the valley's flowery maze,

HYMN TO SOLITUDE. 39

Sequestered on the mountains hoar,
Where forests wave, and torrents roar.
Incumbent o'er the rocky steep
He views afar the boundless deep,
And when the waves of Ocean roll,
Sublime delight suspends his soul.
By him the emancipated mind
Leaves narrow Prejudice behind,
Soars high, beyond the shrieks of Night
Guides unappalled her eagle-flight,
To meet Religion's genuine ray,
"And mingle with the blaze of day."

T O M I R T H

A N I D Y L L I O N .

HASTE thee, Mirth, enlivening power,
Parent of the genial hour,
Sportive god, without delay
Animate our festal day.
Here, where dewy roses glow,
And the hawthorn blossoms blow,
And the lively linnets sing,
Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.
Come, inspire the festive strain;
Come with all thy happy train,
Jovial Sports, alluring Wiles,
Laughter, and the dimpling Smiles.
Leave a while the Paphian grove,
For the radiant Queen of Love,
Ever gentle, ever gay,
Hither graceful wins her way.
See, how lovely she appears!
Ino's form the goddess wears,
With her unaffected ease,
And her native power to please,
And her sweetly-pensive air,
And her smiles that banish care.
Hark! from every vocal grove,
Shepherds swell the raptured song,
"Who is she that moves along?
"Ino? or the Queen of Love?"

PLAIN TRUTH.

TO A LADY.

AN ANACREONTIC.

" AWAKE, my muse ! awake, my lyre !
" In Delia's praise : and may the lay,
" Glowing with pure poetic fire,
" Flow copious, elegant, and gay.

" Her virtues and her charms proclaim,
" Proclaim her innocent of guile,
" And gentle ; and transmit to fame
" The power of her subduing smile."

'Twas thus, reclined in yonder shade,
I oft invoked the muse's aid :
At length she came : But vanished fast,
And smiling archly as she past,
She said, " 'Twere better had you chose
" To tell your tale in honest prose ;
" And therefore, when you call me next,
" Take my advice, and change the text ;
" Invoke me when you deal in fiction,
" Plain truth needs no poetic diction."

WITH SOME FLOWERS.

TO A LADY.

AN IDYLLION.

TO thee, sweet-smiling maid, I bring
The beauteous progeny of spring :
In every breathing bloom I find
Some pleasing emblem of thy mind.
The blushes of that opening rose
Thy tender modesty disclose.
These snow-white lilies of the vale,
Diffusing fragrance to the gale,
No ostentatious tints assume,
Vain of their exquisite perfume ;
Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see
In these a lovely type of thee.
In yonder gay enamelled field
Serene that azure blossom smil'd :
Not changing with the changeful sky,
Its faithless tints inconstant fly,
For unimpaired by winds and rain
I saw the unaltered hue remain.
So, were thy mild affections prov'd,
Thy heart by fortune's frowns unmov'd,
Pleased to administer relief,
In troublous times would solace grief.

TO A LADY.

43

These flowers with genuine beauty glow :
The tints from Nature's pencil flow :
What artist could improve their bloom ?
Or meliorate their sweet perfume ?
Fruitless the vain attempt. Like these,
Thy native truth, thine artless ease,
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to please.

F 2

TO A LADY

I have never seen a more beautiful
The face of Nature's handiwork
Which earth's riches cannot show
The sweetest smile that ever shone
The gentlest voice that ever spoke
The purest heart that ever beat

RURAL
TALES.

RURAL

TABLES.

R O W E N A.

WHY, lovely daughter of the vale, descend
Thy tears fast-trickling? To the desert-gale
Flow thy dishevelled tresses. On thy cheek
Fades the young rose with pining grief. Dispell
Thy rising fears, nor wildly-gazing turn
Incessant to the vacant shapeless air
Thine eye disordered. "See that pallid form!"
Answered the maid, "beckoning on me with frowns
"And fierce demeanour! see that bosom gor'd
"With welling wounds!—On me, ill-fated youth,
"Bend not severe thy stern accusing eye;
"For I am guiltless of thy blood. This breast
"Was ever faithful to my plighted vow:
"Witness the sighing of my broken heart!
"Witness the wailing of my sleepless nights!
"Witness my days of anguish! and my tears
"Shed hourly on thy grave.—Fair as yon ash
"Was Edwin, gentle as the gale of spring;
"But if enraged, wild as the roaring deep
"Chafed by the tempest. Me the luckless youth
"Preferred, and pleasing to mine artless ear
"Breathed the soft language of his soul. My faith
"Was early plighted, and my constant heart
"Preserved the impression of his peerless form
"Indelible. But in ill-omened hour
"Came Edred; skilled in guileful arts, he smil'd

" On every maid, and whispered studied tales
" To the believing virgins. Me he strove
" Insidious to seduce, but strove in vain.
" Yet not unpleasing to mine ear his speech
" Devised with cunning, and with courtly phrase
" Embellished. Oft my blushes mixt with smiles
" Betrayed my flattered vanity, and fed
" His lawless hope. Edwin perceived! his soul
" Stung with resentment, and with jealous rage
" Impassioned, flamed a fierce devouring fire.
" He challenged Edred to the field: they fought
" Beside yon brawling rivulet, and their gore
" Defiled the lucid stream. By mutual wounds
" Both fell, and dying 'gainst Rowena pour'd
" Dire imprecations. Sure the holy saints
" Their curses ratified; for since that day
" No ray of peace hath visited my soul.
" By horror haunted, restless and dismay'd,
" Hourly I tremble, hourly I decay.
" Sorrow consumes me! Soon this weary heart
" Shall cease from sighs and anguish in the dust."

THE
FATE OF AVARICE.

BESIDE that glade behold a shapeless mound
O'ergrown and shagged with noisome weeds and shrubs
Of poisonous quality. A fir-tree scath'd
By the blue lightening spreads her withered arms
Across. Our herds and bleating flocks afar
View it askance. For know, no living thing
Its tangling brakes approacheth, save the bat
Flitting nocturnal, or the ill-omined owl,
Or noxious reptiles; save at midnight hour
That yells and howlings issuing forth, appall
The wandering shepherd, while athwart the gloom
Strange ghastly visages and shapes uncouth
Glare horrible. An impious corse interr'd
Beneath the unhallowed heap, vitiates the growth
Of flowers and tender herbs, tainting the dews
And fostering juices, or with noxious steams
Infecting the sweet air. The sordid wretch
In hoarded wealth abounding, ne'er unbarr'd
His portal to the stranger, ne'er attir'd
The naked, nor the hungry orphan fed:
The needy never shared of his abundance;
Nor blest his ripening harvests. Holy Heaven

Regarded him with pity, and with-held
Due punishment till his relentless arm
Opprest the weeping widow, and condemn'd
Her age to misery and pinching want.
Then the red arm of vengeance lanced the bolt
Unerring. His unrighteous wealth amass'd
By rapine perished : his devoted barns
Flamed with avenging fire : infuriate fiends
Possess'd his bosom : maddening he forsook
The abodes of men, and to the midnight shades
Howled dolorous. At length where yonder heap
Arifeth, his blaspheming spirit burst
Her tenement, and left an odious carcase.

THE
N A I A D.

YOU ask the cause, Lavinia, why the nymph
Of this meandering stream, the southern vale
Neglecting, heedless of the enamelled lawns
And meadows, northward through the lurid heath
Pursues her solitary way. Then list
A tale full oft by shepherd swains rehearsed
On days of festival. In antient times,
Altanabreck this lovely Naiad won'd
In Thetis bower, a sea-nymph sweet of voice
And musical of utterance. Feats achiev'd
By heroes, and exploits of bold enterprise
The Nereid sung melodious; and for this
The Goddess of the coral grove bestow'd
A silver urn, by Vulcan's cunning skill
Engraved with mystic figures, and with streams
Amplly replenished. Due obeisance paid,
The nymph departed and commenced her sway.
Pleased with the verdure of our southern vale,
"Here," said the virgin, "shall my limpid stream
"Flow garrolous through groves and echoing glades;
"Anon through verdant meadows, to the flowers
"Imparting moisture, to the shepherd swains

“ Warbling wild melody.”—The nymph was fair
And blooming: and her artless beauty won
The heart of Phoebus. “ Yield thee, gentle nymph,
“ Nor scorn the love of Phoebus,” (thus the God
His prayer address) and on thy margin green
“ With genial influence shall my beams descend
“ Fruitful of flowers and herbage. Thee the swains
“ Shall celebrate, the sweetly-ditted song
“ Myself inspiring.” But in vain the God
His amorous suit preferred; disdainful speech
And scorn his sole requital. Then in wrath,
“ Depart,” he cried, “ perverse and prideful nymph!
“ Nor shall thy pride avail thee: northward bend
“ Thy sullen course, nor meet my fervid ray
“ Unless to prove my vengeance, and deplore
“ Thy tiny urn exhausted. More to quell
“ Thy froward spirit, be thy name uncouth
“ And stubborn like thy nature, all unmeet
“ To flow melodious in poetic rhyme.”
The Naiad heard indignant, nor replied;
Nor of her choice repenting, northward turn’d
Her tuneful current. Pensive on her urn
Reclining, her the Goddess of the bow,
Dian, accompanied with quivered nymphs,
Hailed, and with gentle greeting thus consol’d,
“ Hail honoured virgin! by thy trial prov’d
“ Deserving. When thy watry charge allows,
“ Or due attendance in the coral bower

" Of silver-slippered Thetis, 'mid the rocks,
" And woody dales, and upland lawns, with me
" Pursue the rapid deer. Dreary the waste
" Lav'd by thy lucid stream : nor yet repine :
" On thy green margin shall my Dryad nymphs
" Raise bloomy shrubs, impregnating the gale
" With fragrance, and with interwoven boughs
" Veiling thy current from intrusive beams.
" Unmusical thy name—such the decree
" Of stern Apollo—yet thy winding streams
" Flow musical!—how sweet their warbling din
" Heard by the shepherd hastening from the hill
" At noontide to allay his thirst ! For this,
" On festal days assembling, grateful swains,
" Breathing the wildly-ditted song, shall hymn
" Thy name with Pales and protecting Pan."

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[illegible]

RUNNY MEAD.

MOVEMUR ENIM, NESICIO QUO PACTO,
LOCIS IPSIS IN QUIBUS EORUM QUOS
DILIGIMUS AUT ADMIRAMUR
ADSUNT VESTIGIA.

CIC. DE LEG

A conference between the King and the Barons was appointed at Runny Mead, between Windsor and Stains, a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart like open enemies; and, after a debate of a few days, the King, with a facility which was somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the Charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the Great Charter, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom.

Hume's Hist. chap. ii.

R U N N Y M E A D.

HERE will I stay my stranger-steps, and greet
This hallowed field. Here, though unskilled to breathe
Soft melody, mine oaten reed shall pour
The song of gratulation. Runny Mead,
Thee I salute with reverence ! not that May,
Accompanied with odoriferous gales,
Visits thy border, and with herbs and flowers
Arrays thee ; nor that Thames 'mid willowed isles,
And fruitful fields, slow-winding from the towers
And groves of Windsor, laves thy margin green,
Rendering thee homage ; nor that Cooper-hill,
Adorned with verdure, and renowned in song,
Defends thee from the sultry south. It is
That Freedom honours thee—hail Runny Mead !
Illustrious field ! like Marathon renown'd !
Or Salamis, where Freedom on the hosts
Of Persia, from her radiant sword shook fear
And dire discomfiture ! Even now I tread
Where Albion's antient Barons won the pledge
Of independence. Here on stately steeds
Gaily caparisoned, their shields engrav'd
With fair achievements, and devices quaint
Of chivalry, with plated mail and spear
High-flaming they advanced. Their brow sedate,
And steadfast mien announced the vigorous mind
Determined for the public weal. Rebuk'd

H

By their superior genius, though begirt
 With flattering minions, in thy sullen eye,
 Plantagenet ! thine abject spirit lour'd. [rever'd

“ Think not,” they cried, “ thou reignest and art
 “ By free-born men to gratify thy pride
 “ And worthless appetites. Mistaken Prince,
 “ Can regal titles, like a potent spell,
 “ Confer dominion ? or can sounding phrase,
 “ Monarch and Emperor, mere words, convey
 “ A right to tyrannize ? Or hast thou dream'd
 “ that chosen genii at the birth of kings
 “ Preside auspicious, forming them for rule
 “ And high pre-eminence ? What earth refin'd
 “ By stellar influence mild, tempered in soils
 “ Elysian, moistened with the dews that bath'd
 “ The blooms of Paradise, hath Nature fought
 “ To fashion princes ? Or what obvious proof
 “ Of peerless worth, stamped on their outward form,
 “ Commands obedience ? In the haughty eye,
 “ And on the lofty forehead, Pride alone
 “ Hath grav'd the law, “ Obey me, and submit
 “ Implicit to my will.” An impious law,
 “ Unwarranted by reason, and condemn'd
 “ By the ingenuous dictates of the heart !
 “ Say, can the Monarch, or proud Baron, boast
 “ Finer materials, or more skilled device
 “ In their formation, or more curious shape
 “ And ministry of limbs, than he that plows

- " The glebe, and earns his livelihood with toil?
 " Yet with no dainty cates the mapple dish
 " Regales his palate ; and from wintry winds
 " He seeks the shelter of his humble cot,
 " Unenvious of the lofty hall begirt
 " With towers and battlements. No purer gales
 " Inspire thy panting lungs, than what he breathes
 " To woods and wilds in lively-ditted song.
 " Vain pageantry and long parade of state
 " Working on idle fancy, fill the crowd
 " With gaping wonder : but will pale Disease
 " Regard thy royalty ? or can thy power
 " Stay or repell the arm of Death ? He comes,
 " No supple courtier trim, with lip that wears
 " Sweet silken smiles, inviting to the feast,
 " Or fair assembly of soft maids. He comes,
 " Haggard and stern ; a shape uncouth, with frowns
 " Horrific to confound thy pride, and waste
 " Thy pampered carcase. Know, to all mankind,
 " Nature accords like appetites and powers
 " Of genuine pleasure. The laborious hind
 " Like thee enjoys the bed of ease ; enjoys
 " The balmy pleasures of applause ; and wooes
 " The sweet endearments of domestic life.
 " Perchance more musical the father's name
 " Saluteth his ear ; the appellation bland
 " Of husband, dews of softer blifs distils
 " On his consenting heart, than kings have prov'd

“ Amid the glare of courts. What tastes beside,
“ Thy breast solicit, or what passions fire,
“ Require the rule of reason: if indulg’d
“ Beyond due limits, they degrade the soul,
“ And poison our repose. To shame the night
“ With revelry and riot, to consume
“ The day in torpid sloth, to be admir’d
“ And gazed at by the gaping crowd, to fold
“ Thy limbs in soft apparel, and to feed
“ On dainty viands, while continual smiles
“ Of fawning minions weary thee, behold
“ The sum of thine enjoyments! spurious joys!
“ The brood of false Opinion, in the lap
“ Of Flattery nurs’d, and fostered with the smiles
“ Of self-applauding Vanity. For these
“ Wouldst thou enslave thy fellow-men? deprive
“ Them of their native rights? O worse than wild
“ Voracious tyger! he pursues the fawn
“ To gratify his natural wants: but thou,
“ To gratify thy spurious passions, born
“ Of vice, unowned by nature wouldst condemn
“ Thy fellow-men to misery. Cast down
“ The proud presumptuous thought; and seek the fame
“ To reign thy people’s father, to preserve
“ Their independence, and prevent the woes
“ That spring from anarchy and fierce misrule.”

O gallant chiefs! whether ye ride the winds,
Bound on some high commission to confound

The pride of guilty kings ; or to alarm
 Their coward spirits, through the realms of night
 Hurl the tremendous comet ; or in bowers
 Of blooming paradise enjoy repose ;
 I ween the memory of your patriot-zeal
 Exalts your glory, and sublimes your joy.

That day, reclining in his mossy hall,
 Raised on high columns, paved with ores, and roof'd
 With chrystal, underneath the gliding wave,
 Amid the assembly of the watery powers
 Swelling his tide with tributary streams,
 Thames heard the tidings : and his prescient mind
 Was rapt in far futurity. " 'Tis done !"
 He cried, " 'tis done ! the high exploit atchiev'd
 " Big with important issues ! For a time,
 " Though destined days of havoc and dismay
 " May lour with hideous aspect, yet athwart
 " These glooms horrific, lo ! the star of peace
 " Ariseth radiant, shedding beams of mild
 " Assuasive influence. Lo, she comes ! she comes !
 " Freedom from her celestial bower descends
 " Girt with refulgent glory, to promote
 " The independent virtues, and improve
 " The latent principles of human worth.
 " Hail, Freedom ! hail. Like the pervading beam
 " Of Titan, through all nature kindling life,
 " And health, and gladness, thy reviving ray
 " Exhilarates and warms. Bereft of thee,

“ Even in the bowers, and flowery paths of joy
“ The struggling sigh arises, chilling fear
“ Unnerves the heart, and secret pangs of grief
“ Prey on the manly spirit. Soft the smile
“ Of orient Morn; and sweet the rustling wing
“ Of Zephyr rising from the waste of flowers,
“ And breathing fragrance; but nor orient Morn,
“ Nor fragrant Zephyr, nor Arabian climes,
“ Nor gilded ceilings, can relieve the soul
“ Pining in thralldom. On thy step attends
“ Astraea smiling to the virtuous mind
“ A lovely form, mild, and benevolent;
“ But to the soul foul with committed crimes
“ Frowning an hideous Gorgon, armed with wrath,
“ And clothed with deadly terror. Candid Truth,
“ In white apparel, beauteous as the Morn,
“ The friend of Justice, honoured and carest
“ By Liberty, revisits earth. Erewhile
“ Banished by superstition's yells and racks
“ Tormenting, by fell tyranny dismaid
“ And persecuted, to ethereal fields
“ She winged her luminous flight: behind her clos'd
“ Deep darkness. Beam, O gentle Goddess, beam
“ Thy holy light, protected by the shield
“ Of Liberty, confound the dark deceit,
“ The guile of specious priesthood, and expose
“ The cruelty and barbarous arts that lurk
“ Behind the bannered cross. In the lone walk

- " Of meditation let thy form serene
- " Salute the pondering sage, and cheer his soul
- " Labouring in doubts, in wild opinion's maze
- " Perplexed and wandering. By thine eye dispers'd,
- " Millions of varying shades, and shapes uncouth,
- " Thin air-blown theories, and systems wove
- " With fancy's woof, glistening in transient beams
- " Of novelty, dissolve. The unreal form
- " Of Error, vested in the mottled garb
- " Of Ignorance and Folly, trick'd with smiles
- " Perfidious, vanishes in air. What strains
- " Of warbled melody delight my soul?
- " From groves, and glades, and every winding stream
- " Harmony breathes. The powers of song awake
- " Their numerous descant. They in ages past
- " Hight nymphs Pierian, in the Aonian glades,
- " By streams of fair Cephissus, or in groves
- " Of Helicon, sweet-smiling minstrels, dealt
- " Harmony to the listening isles and shores
- " Of Greece. How soon fair Liberty, betray'd
- " By venal arts and foul corruption, fled
- " Her cities, and the towers of Pallas fell
- " A prey to thralldom, the melodious choir
- " Ceas'd their sweet warbling. Yet in after-times
- " Their voice was heard, and when despotic power
- " Assumed the mien of liberty, a strain
- " Energetic flow'd by Tiber, and the pipe
- " In Mantua warbled. Ah! full soon the roar

“ And dissonance of discord harsh, and frown
“ Of tyranny, whose rugged visage damps
“ The genial fervors of the soul, and quells
“ The aspiring spirit, marred their heavenly song,
“ Again they lift their tuneful voice, and pour
“ Their sweet assuasive numbers. Deadly feuds,
“ And war, and carnage, and the groans of death,
“ Shall cease: the islands and the fruitful vales
“ Shall shout with gladness; and the mingled dance
“ The sprightly tabor and the pipe shall cheer
“ My willowed banks. Ye villagers rejoice;
“ And ye who cultivate the fertile glebe
“ Carrol the gladsome song. For you the plain
“ Shall wave with wheaten harvests; and the gale
“ From blooming bean-fields shall diffuse perfume.
“ In gallant order, o’er my curling wave,
“ Arrayed in gay apparel, crowned with gems,
“ Commerce exulting guides her burnished prow,
“ Hail Lady, welcome to the shores and streams
“ Of sea-girt Albion. From the mountain’s brow
“ Descend propitious, O ye gales, and swell
“ The floating canvas. Waft to distant shores
“ The fruits of Albion’s cultured fields, the fleece
“ Shorn from her milk-white flocks: and in return,
“ Give power and fame to her deserving race.”

He ceast; and lo! with glad accord the nymphs
Raised the soft symphony: and on thy lap,
Fair field! invoked the fostering dews, and showers,

RUNNY MEAD.

65

And western gales, to scatter opening blooms.

Famed Runny Mead! thee I survey with awe
 And holy reverence. May no impious step
 Profane thy hallowed bounds. O ye, immerst
 In luxury or shameful sloth, the slaves
 Of pleasure, who neglect the warning voice
 Of public virtue, when a nation's tears
 Implore deliverance from oppression's rod;
 Or baleful penury—O ye who dare,
 In spite of shame, regardless of contempt;
 For paltry gold, or titles falsely deem'd
 Honours, your peerless birth-right sell, and bend
 Submissive to the yoke—O ye who bathe
 Your speech in honied flattery, who mould
 Your pliant features to assenting smiles,
 And heap mean incense on the splendid shrine
 Of arrogating Pride—O false of heart,
 Ye who enflamed with avarice, or revenge,
 Or envy, or ambition, dare assume
 The semblance of fair Liberty, to fire
 The madding multitude, and from her dens
 Infernal to provoke the snaky fiend,
 Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,
 Nor taste this air, nor with licentious step
 Profane this hallowed ground. The virgin-choi-
 Pierian here shall scatter garlands wove
 With flowers of Attica, and those that bloom
 By Aganippe's tuneful fount. The powers

And virtues delegated to protect
The human race, with Albion's antient chiefs
Shall here assemble, and high councils hold
To blast the might, to counteract the spells
Of Vice, arch-necromancer; and secure
The happiness ordained to mortal man.

And now return, my vagrant Muse ! full bold
Hast thou adventured, and hast swelled a note
Of higher utterance than befits the reed
Of an unpolished minstrel. Yet the lay
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward
Of honour, if the illustrious few approve,
Who value Independence, and have vow'd
By truth and virtue to maintain her power.

C O R S I C A.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXVIII.

CORRIGIA

RECEIVED

RECEIVED

C O R S I C A.

BRITONS, awake ! shake off the unseemly bands
Of indolence and pleasure : from the embrace
Of wantonness arise : waste not those powers,
Destined by nature for illustrious deeds,
In revelry and riot. O how long,
Harrowing the soul, shall enmity and strife
Distract your reason, and destroy your peace ?
What angry spirit hath gone forth, possess
Your troubled minds with discord, and inflam'd
The frenzy of sedition ? shameless race !
The lust of power, the sordid thirst of gain
Compell your hearts ; and pleasure's poisonous draught
With secret, swift-consuming influence, wastes
Your boasted vigor. Tame, can ye behold
Oppression, with inhuman rage, pursue
The guiltless ; burning with unhallowed zeal
To crush the free-born, and enthrall the brave.

O Corsica, for thee my spirit grieves !
By nature destined the retreat of peace,
And smiling freedom ; like Britannia, girt
With guardian-waves, thy vales and watered plains
To persevering toil and culture yield
Abundance ; not spontaneously profuse
To pamper sloth, but fertile to reward
The arts of industry. In vain thy seas
Defend thee, and thy fruitful vales in vain

Have courted freedom. From the Latian shore,
The Roman eagle, ravenous for the prey,
Ravaged thy fields: the Carthaginian spoil'd
Thy flowery vallies: and in later times,
The Saracen defiled thy streams with gore:
These were thy foes profess'd. But under guise
Of plighted faith, the false Ligurian, skill'd
In perfidy and guileful arts, impos'd
The yoke of thralldom. Thus from age to age
Thy genius struggled with incessant toils;
And what sustained thee but the generous zeal
For independence? Hence thy valiant chief
Pascal arose, from tyranny, and guile
Perfidious, to assert thy rights. In vain!
The Gaul insatiate, burning with the pangs
Of wild ambition thwarted, pours an host
Leagued with injustice, to o'erwhelm the sons
Of freedom, by ingenuous freedom bold,

O Corsica, for thee my spirit grieves!
Moved with compassion, while in thought I view
Thy cities desolate, thy fruitful fields
Ravaged and waste. Slain in the prime of life
Thy warriors perish; and thy hoary fires
Welter in blood; thy matrons frantic, howl;
And with dishevelled locks, thy tender maids
Disgraced, unpitied, wail. Who shall arise,
Faithful to virtue, and assured of fame,
To shield the guiltless, to defend the weak,

And break oppression's rod ? O who hath heard
The voice of Freedom pleading with her sons ?
That voice which penetrates and fires the heart,
Rouzes the powers of action, and dispels
Pleasure's deluding dream. To Albion's cliffs
The goddess turns her tender-weeping eye :
So weeps a mother, injured and oppress'd ;
So flies for succour to her elder-born.

O Britons ! let her pleading touch your hearts :
Hath she not cherish'd you ? hath not her power
In perilous times sustained you ? and repell'd
The weapons of oppression ? Hence your fields
Wave with abundance ; and your streets rejoice,
Croud'd and active. Hence to every wind
Commerce expands her sails : from every clime,
From Ganges, and the spicy groves of Ind,
Or from the western shores and islands laved
By the Atlantic, wealth, the due reward
Of industry, pours copious. Prospering arts,
Planted by Freedom, by her bounteous hand
Upheld, in Albion fix their chosen seat.

But not alone, to pile unbounded wealth,
To cherish arts, secure and undisturb'd
To share the plenteous feast, and rest at ease
Beneath the bower of peace, hath heav'n bestow'd
The precious boon. 'Tis that the minds of men,
Vigorous and unrestrained, may raise their powers,
Put forth the fruits of virtue, and exalt

Their nature to a higher rank. O ye,
Skilful to search the mazes of the heart,
Weigh its perfections, and explore its powers,
Is there a virtue more divinely fair,
More powerful to resist o'erwhelming vice,
And give our faculties, embellished, fir'd
With heavenly energy, to soar sublime,
Than mild Benevolence? her radiant beams
Illuminate the breast, dispell the gloom
Of sordid passions, calm o'erflowing rage,
With genial influence foster and promote
The seeds of upright action, and diffuse
Joy to the conscious heart. So blyth-eyed Spring
With smiles, and gentle airs, temperates the sky
From biting colds, unbinds the frozen glebe,
And with distilling dews prepares the year
For the sweet progeny of herbs and flowers.
But not alone in the forsaken vale
And woodland path of solitude, by deeds
Of private virtue, will the chosen few
Warmed with the generous heart, valiant and free,
Improve their native fires. They climb the ascent
Of high renown: regardless of the smiles,
The soft enticements, and alluring arts
Of indolence and pleasure, they embrace
The weal of nations: dauntless, unappall'd
With perils, and with menaced death achieve
Actions of bold emprise: and from the seat

Of power expel injustice.- Thus inspir'd
Britons arise ! ye who enjoy the sweets,
The conscious dignity, the placid smile
Of liberty, impart the bliss to those
Who pant for independence, yet behold
The yoke suspended, and the fetters forg'd.

Is there a state more piteous than of men
Free-born and brave, doomed by ambition's rage
To pine in thralldom ? Heirs of light and life,
Heirs of the bounty poured impartial forth
By nature to her sons, but of their right,
Their precious birthright, reft by lawless power !
Dragged forth reluctant to the galling task,
No lenient hopes, no ray of promised bliss
To chear their toil—desponding and dismay'd,
While stern oppression, with rapacious grasp,
Seizes the pittance, earned with sleepless care,
A scant provision for their feeble age,
Or death-bed languor — whelmed with shame, en-
flam'd

With thirst of vengeance, while the scourge inflicts
Dishonourable pain—can they enjoy
The smile of peace ? or can their humble roof,
Exposed to insult, and the spoilers rage,
Yield consolation ? Misery worse than death,
When free-born men, endowed with godlike powers,
With generous passions glowing, are compell'd
To obey the wild desires, or mean caprice.

Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance
The heart revolts, and virtue cries aloud
Against the deed. Chilled by unkindly blights,
Their opening virtues languish and decay.
Their features lose the liberal air of truth
And open candour. Dark suspicion clouds
Their lowering visage; and deceit perverts
Their faltering speech. When pride and avarice warp
The oppressor's heart, bar his relentless ear
Against the prayer of pity, and erase
The sense of merit from his darkened soul;
What shield can weakness to his ravenous grasp
Oppose, but dastard guile? Can those who groan
Beneath the inhuman task, whose rueful pangs
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate
And thirst of vengeance in the soul, indulge
Tender emotions, and the glowing heart?
O ye who roll the eye of fierce disdain,
Impute not to the trembling, tortur'd slave,
Condemned by partial fortune to endure
The stripes of avarice, and the scorn of pride,
Impute not guile, or an unfeeling breast.
Ye teach him feelings! your insatiate rage
His hate exasperates, and enflames his heart
With rancour and unusual wrath. 'Twas thus
The Iberian humanized the guiltless tribes
Who roamed Peruvian forests, and the banks
Of Orellane, what time, convulsed and torn

With agony, the tortured fires bequeath'd
Resentment to their sons ! 'Twas then their hearts
Throbb'd with new horror ; with unwonted ire
The wild eye reddened, and the virtues fled !
The gentle virtues ! In their stead arose
Dismay, the counsellor of dastard deeds,
Revenge, and ruthless Hatred. Then were heard
Wailings and weeping : howled the desert-caves ;
And nature from the roaring torrents sigh'd.

'Tis virtue's cause.—That plant of healing power
To assuage heart-rending care, reared by the hand
Of smiling liberty, expands, and bears
Sweet fruitage. Britons, ere the gathered storm,
Fierce-flying on the whirlwinds wasteful wing,
Scatter wild ruin, followed by the wail
Of unavailing sorrow, interpose
Timely relief, and from the ravening blast
Preserve the goodly blossoms. If by deeds
Ye prove your ardor genuine, and your zeal
For independence, not an airy dream,
Know, on your spirits the renewing power
Of liberty descending, shall restore
The virtues of your fathers, valour, truth,
And temperance, and justice. Who shall dare,
When thus enlightened, thus renewed, ye feel
Your innate dignity ; when bold to act,
And clear to penetrate, ye know the force
And worth of independence ; who shall dare,

By open violence, or insidious guile,
Provoke your vengeance? When the Athenians rose
Heroic to defend the Ionian states
From Persia's arrogating power, the fire
Of public virtue, with intenser beam,
Glowed in their bosoms, on the gladdened isles,
Streaming athwart incumbent glooms, diffus'd
Mild radiance; and with bright effulgence blaz'd
Glorious around them, when the numerous host
Of Asia fled from Marathon, and stain'd
The shores of Salamis with reeking gore.

What boots it to enjoy the smiles of heaven,
The flowery seasons, and the soft perfumes
Shook from the wings of zephyr, and retire
Forgotten to the grave? Is it for this
The mind of man, informed with mighty powers,
Conceives the future, and revolves the past,
Reasons, reflects, and judges? Hark! the voice
Of glory summons, bids the soul exert
Her faculties, not given to sleep supine
In pleasure's silken lap, but to achieve
Peerless renown. Nor will the laurel, earn'd
By deeds of martial hardihood, preserve
Immortal verdure. Transient fame proceeds
From armies vanquished, and from ruined states.
Praise follows virtue. Few the Theban bands,
And limited the scene of their exploits:
Yet Fame with rapture celebrates the chief,

Who, calmly brave, on Mantinaea's field,
Expired a patriot; turning with disdain
From the fierce ravagers whose numerous hosts,
Streaming from Scythian and Sarmatian cliffs,
Deluged the world. Although your conquering sword,
Heroes of Albion, on the northern shores
Of Canada, or in the genial isles,
Cuba and Martinique, humbled the pride
Of Celtic and Iberian kings, your fame
Shines with diminished splendor, if the prayers
Of injured virtue are preferred in vain.
Arise distinguished! blast ambition's hopes!
Frustrate her dark designs! the heroic deed
Shall live recorded in the page of fame,
Or warbled by the muse. The immortal muse,
From time's impetuous tide, whose current sweeps
Kingdoms and mighty nations down the gulf
Of dark oblivion, rescues and preserves
The wreath by virtue earned. In future times,
By Golo's streams, or in the cultured plains
Of fair Balagna, when secure of wrongs,
And lawless rule, the peasant shall behold
His ripening harvests, conscious of his bliss,
Thus to his sons shall he rehearse the praise
Of British virtue—(from their eyes the while,
Tears of soft-mingled gratitude and joy,
Sprung genuine from the heart, shall steal) "My sons,
"Revere the race of Albion: when the sword

" Of spoilers rose against us, from afar
" They heard our mourning, and our sufferings mov'd
" Their generous hearts. They saw, and they admir'd
" The spirit of our fathers, uneduc'd
" By venal arts ; unshaken, undismaid
" By rage tyrannical : they rose confess'd
" Freedom's avengers : trembling and abash'd
" The Gaul beheld, and fled as from the wrath
" Of angry heaven."—O Albion, wilt thou scorn
These proffered laurels, yielding fairer fame
Than wealth and empire ? Shall perfidious smiles
Of sloth entice thy virtue, and unnerve
Thy boasted strength ? Forbid it, Heaven ! the bold
Heroic Briton, true to Freedom's cause,
Her rights shall vindicate, avenge her wrongs,
And heap confusion on her faithless foes.

E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXXI.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF

OF THE
COUNTY OF
SHERIFF

OF THE
COUNTY OF
SHERIFF

OF THE
COUNTY OF
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OF THE
COUNTY OF
SHERIFF

OF THE
COUNTY OF
SHERIFF

E L E G Y
ON THE
DEATH OF A LADY.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

Cui Pudor et Justitiae soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullam inveniet parem! HOR.

'T IS the delusion of some hideous dream!
Some horrid fantasy that haunts my soul
With images of wo.—O that it were
A transient fantasy! too well my heart
Feels her misfortune, feels the dreadful truth
That Cathcart sleeps on an untimely bier.

O ye that honour virtue, here lament.
Ye that esteem nobility of soul
Flowing habitual, uniform, and pure
From earthly mixture, here in sorrow bend,
For Cathcart sleeps on an untimely bier.

O ye that love the tender heart adorn'd
And moved by soft compassion to assuage
The pangs of sorrow, and dispel the fears
Of want and pale despondency, lament!

L

She who was ever gentle and benign,
The friend of sorrow, moulders in the dust.

O ye that tread the Muses flowery path,
Here scatter garlands, scatter roses here :
This meed the merits, for she loved the Muse,
And could distinguish, with discerning taste,
The various beauties of immortal song.
Lament, ye Muses, mourn, ye generous arts,
Ye that ennoble and refine the soul,
Your candid friend, your patroness, lament,
For Cathcart sleeps on an untimely bier.

O ye untainted by contagious vice,
Ye who have feelings to discern the grace
Of true religion, your congenial souls,
Melting in tender sympathy, will grieve,
Grieve for yourselves, and that a downward age,
To folly and malignant error prone,
Hath lost a pattern of surpassing worth.
Unblemished innocence ! ingenuous truth !
Religion pure, and rational, and mild !
Engaging manners ! charity ! and all
The affections that embellish and exalt
The human heart, ah, whither will ye fly
For refuge from a persecuting world ?
For Cathcart sleeps on an untimely bier.

O ye supreme in sorrow, who deplore
A wife ! a parent ! O forgive the Muse
Who thus intrudes on your becoming wo,

DEATH OF A LADY. 83

Mingling with yours her genuine tear, the tear
That flows from gratitude, the tribute due
To peerless merit. Could the Muse impart
A ray of consolation!—fruitless wish!
Lo, other comforters! the cherub-choir
That calm'd her parting moments, Patience crown'd
With an immortal garland, smiling Hope,
And meek-eyed Resignation, heavenly forms,
That soothed her struggling soul, and bade her fear
No danger in the dark and trying hour
Of dissolution. See! on you they bend
Their gracious aspect: and with them behold
The disembodied spirit, now a pure
Angelic nature. O to these resign
The empire of your souls, for they have power,
Not to remove, but to alleviate woe,
To soften and improve the tender pang,
And reinstate you in the path of peace.

STAIN OF A LARVA

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the larva of a fly is a simple, uninteresting creature. In fact, it is a most curious and interesting animal, and its life history is full of interest and mystery. The larva of a fly is a small, worm-like creature, and it is very common to find them in decaying matter. They are very hardy and can survive in a wide range of temperatures. They are also very voracious and will eat almost anything that is soft and moist. The life history of a fly larva is very interesting. It begins as a small, white, worm-like creature, and it grows rapidly. It molts several times as it grows, and it eventually becomes a pupa. The pupa is a more advanced stage of the larva, and it is also very hardy. It can survive in a wide range of temperatures, and it is very resistant to desiccation. The pupa eventually emerges as an adult fly, and the cycle begins again.

MISCELLANEOUS

V E R S E S,

MISCELLANEOUS

V E R S E S

P R O L O G U E

O N T H E

OPENING OF AN ENGLISH THEATRE AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

WITHOUT the aid of ornament or art,
To speak the language of a grateful heart,
I come respectful. Little known to fame,
Through stormy seas to distant shores we came;
And to us Britons, in a foreign land,
Britons held forth the kind protecting hand.
Friendless we came; but every British heart
In all our interests took a friendly part;
Ye cheered our hopes, dispelled our anxious fear,
And made our welfare your peculiar care.
Fair fame attend you! O may due success
Reward your merit, and your labours bless!
Kind as ye are, and generous, may ye still
Enjoy the power, as ye possess the will!
Peace be your portion! from your dwellings far.
Be banished Sorrow and corroding Care!

The rulers of this land beheld with joy
How British hearts on British hearts rely.

How Albion's sons, incapable of change,
Through no variety of friendships range,
Kind without interest, with affection true,
Generous and constant where their faith is due.

The rulers of this land whose hosts defy'd
The rage of infidels, and quelled their pride,
Made Kahul's streams with slaughtered foes run red,
Heaped Bender's walls with thousands of the dead,
Undaunted in the gallant strife of arms,
Even to Byzantium carried dire alarms,
Tinged the Aegaen wave with Ottoman gore,
And shook with terror Asia's distant shore ;
They saw your goodness, felt it, and were mov'd
To emulate the worth their souls approv'd ;
This generous sympathy their favour drew ;
Us they applauded, but they honoured you.

With goodness in extreme, even from the throne
The radiance of the imperial bounty shone,
Beamed glory round us, raised us from the ground,
And bade us bloom, and bade our fruits abound.
Far through the nations may that radiance shine
Supremely bright, beneficent, benign,
To foster Merit, from the haunts of men
To banish Discord and her ghastly train ;
Envy shall pine and sicken at the sight,
And Turkish crescents mingle with the night.

ELEGIAC VERSES

O N T H E

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

AH shepherds! what a lamentable change!
Behold that cheek, where youth and beauty bloom'd,
Lifeless and pale! Extinguished now the beam
That shone erewhile in her expressive eye,
An image of her soul, serene, and soft,
And lovely, and subduing! ah! no more
Warbles the music of her tuneful voice.
Silent she lies, regardless of our wo!
Wake, lovely maid!—But she can ne'er awake!
For who can burst the fetters of the grave?

O she was lovely and beloved: her smile
Gave rapture to the soul. When she adorn'd
The festive dance, no other pastime stay'd
The nymphs and shepherds: from the hills they came,
Beheld her and admired. So, and 'tis sung
On days of festival by rural bards,
When kind enlivening suns with genial warmth
Impregnating the glebe, call forth the Rose,
Through groves and glades the joyful tidings run,
And in full haste the Silvans and the Fauns,

Assembling round from dells and dripping caves,
Bless the fair plant, and hail her Queen of Flowers.

Oreads and Dryads, every silvan power
Worshipped in grove and valley, whither stray'd
Your wandering footsteps at this awful hour?
Could not your heavenly charms, your tuneful voice,
Have soothed the rage of rueful fate, and stay'd
The lethal blow? Ah me! if heavenly charms,
If softest melody could soothe the rage
Of rueful fate, our Phoebe had not died.

Ah what avails it that subduing grace
Fashioned her lovely form? Of what avail
That she was gentle? Can the ingenuous breast,
The soul of truth unblemished and serene,
The blush of modesty, the tender heart,
Can they repel the ruthless arm of death?
Flow, flow, ye tears! inhuman death regards
Nor youth, nor beauty. Like a treacherous frost
That spreads at even his cold hand on a bank
Of fragrant flowers, and soon the vivid tints
Languish, and fade, and mingle with the dust,
Death stole upon her, and by slow degrees
Wasted her opening prime, and long delay'd,
As if in pity, long delayed the blow;
At length he smote—and plunged us in despair.

ELEGIAC VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF SUTHERLAND.

WRITTEN M.MCC.LXVI.

TWO trees, the glory of the forest, grew
Beauteous with interwoven boughs. The morn
Rose smiling, clad in vermil blooms: her dews
Spangled their waving foliage, and her gales
Around them breathed perfume. The silvan swains
Beheld them and admired: and to the hills
And vales, in sweetly-ditted song, proclaim'd
Their praise unbidden: while the gentle nymphs
Gathered the blossoms of returning spring,
And hung their chaplets on the leafy boughs,
But ere Hyperion on his noon-tide throne
Exalted, in the midst of heaven display'd
Meridian majesty, a tempest rose,
A fore distressing tempest, and o'erwhelm'd
The goodly pair. — Witness, ye doleful groves,
Ye rocks, ye murmuring streamlets, how the vale
Was filled with sorrow. Then the woodland nymphs
Tore their fair tresses, beat their snowy breasts,

And wept and mourned. No more the shepherd-boy
Tended his milk-white younglings, and his pipe
Poured the sad wailing of heart-rending grief.—

Forgive, bright shades ! the mournful swain who
brings

This tribute to your tomb. Who would not grieve
When Merit in the blooming prime of life,
Adorned with high nobility, is swept
Into the clay-cold grave ! O chief for thee,
Fair Lady ! pattern of connubial love,
The muse laments. For thee the Virtues weave
A wreath immortal ; and thy peerless praise
Shall be preserved by Caledonia's dames.

VERSES TO A LADY
WITH THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

FAIR LADY! this affecting lay peruse,
The genuine offspring of the Doric Muse :
The Muse erewhile on Caledonia's plains
That charmed the forests with mellifluous strains,
Copious and clear where Leven glides along,
Where Tweda listens to the shepherds song,
Where Spey impetuous pours his rapid tide,
Or in the valley of commercial Clyde,
By winding Forth, or by the silver Tay,
Warbling she welcomed the return of May.
Cold now the hands, extinct the heavenly fire
That waked to extasy the living lyre ;
No more the energy of song pervades
Our silent valleys, and forsaken glades ;
No more the green hill and the deepening grove
Refound the longing, languid voice of love :
For Hamilton the Loves and Graces mourn ;
And tuneful Muses weep at Ramsay's urn.

T H E

N O B L E H E R M I T,

A F R A G M E N T.

The author designed a dramatic poem on the subject of Mr. Cartwright's *ARMINE* and *ELVINA*, but want of leisure prevented his executing any more of it than the following introductory scene.

HAIL, lovely Morn! hail, thou reviving beam
That gilds the orient, chasing to the west
The damps and shadows in the rear of night!
Hail, blooming fields! ye vernal groves, array'd
With beauty, where a thousand feathered songsters
Mingle their melodies, I greet you well.
Ye murmuring brooks, ye rivulets, and ye rocks
Incumbent o'er this solitary vale,
My grateful salutation ye deserve;
For ye have granted me benign composure,
Sweet peace of mind, and freedom from the goad
Of tyrannizing passion. Precious gifts!
To him that estimates their worth aright,
More valuable far than wealth or grandeur,

In vain amid the din and pomp of war,
'Mid clanging armour, burnished helms and spears,
And prancing steeds caparisoned, and all
The dread array of marshalled hosts, in vain
I sought to find them. Calm Contentment flies
To shades and solitude. I ne'er beheld
Her placid eye amid the glare of courts,
The lofty palace, the stupenduous dome,
The fretted roof, the sculptured pillar hewn
With rare device of masonry, the hall
With minstrelsy resounding and the feast,
What are they? The resort of Quiet? No!
Of Envy rather, and of bitter Rancour.
Calm Quiet have I found thee!—Yet one care
Alarms my bosom like a fullen cloud
Flying athwart the vernal sky. My Armine,
The prop of my declining age, the solace
And treasure of my soul, brooks not a life
Of lone retirement and inglorious ease.
Eager he pants for arms, and to distinguish
His name by feats of hardihood. He errs.
For glory is not aye the mead of valour,
But oft the recompence of glozing cowards,
While injured Merit eats the bread of care.
But I must medicine this his fond conceit,
And that right skilfully; for if he knew
The fame of his high ancestry, derived
From Odin, and the purple tide that flows

96 MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

Impetuous in his veins, transmitted pure
Through a long line of heroes, and that I,
Beneath the banner of the holy Cross,
Fought not inglorious, when bold Goldfrey led
The flower of Europe to Jerusalem,
Not all the wisdom of the cloistered sage,
Nor all the reverence that he bears his father,
Could rein his fiery soul. * * *

THE
PROGRESS
OF
MELANCHOLY.

A VISION.

N

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MELANCHOLY

A VISION

THE
PROGRESS
OF
MELANCHOLY.
A VISION.
TO A FRIEND.

STILL will thy bosom heave? Still will the cloud
Of sorrow lour on thy desponding brow?
O how it grieves me to behold thee grieve!
To see thee, pensive, seek the lone retreat
Of Solitude the nurse of Woe, and yield
Thy blooming youth a victim to Despair!
Banish thy sorrows. With unbiassed mind
Weigh thy condition and thy fears; discern
With reason and with candour, O discern
Thy real from thy fancied woes. Beware
Of a distempered fancy, for her rod
Endowed with magic potency commands
Unnumbered legions, to o'erwhelm the soul
With sorrow and dismay. Like thee erewhile
Hapless I languished, and my youth decayed
Blasted by fell imaginary cares;

And sorrow still had laid my bosom waste,
Still had I languished plaintive and forlorn,
Incapable of action and of joy,
But that my better genius roused my soul,
From her consuming lethargy. My friend !
The mild companion of my early days,
Thou of the candid and ingenuous breast,
Whose praise inflamed me in the upward path
Of science and of truth, shall I not strive
To wean thee from thy sorrows, and diffuse
The balm of comfort on thy troubled soul ?

Soft was the season, for the genial airs
Of summer waved their odoriferous wings
On hill and dale, in valley and in grove,
Umbrageous. Yet nor sunny hill, nor dale
Gaily enamel'd, nor irriguous vales,
Nor groves umbrageous could afford me joy.
Sorrowing and sad I sought the impervious glooms
Of forests, where the solitary rocks
Piled savage, frowned on my desponding soul;
And now Hyperion in the Atlantic main
With Amphitrite and the Nereid nymphs
Held converse ; Hesper in the western sky
His lucid lamp suspended, thro' the vault
Of night diffusing radiance ; till the moon
Peer'd o'er the shaggy eastern hills, half-veil'd
With clouds and vapours, in fantastic shapes
Rolled round the horizon. On a mossy bank

OF MELANCHOLY. 101

Reclined, beside a reverend elm, I mus'd
 Alone and mournful. From a neighbouring glade
 Her melting notes, with many a solemn pause,
 And many a warbling, Philomel renew'd.
 Fast by a limpid stream, meandering wild
 With murmurings suited to my soul, enticed
 My heart with pensive pleasure, and ere long
 Shedding from downy wings his opiate dews,
 Soft sleep descended on my weary eyes.

'Twas then a vision of high import rose
 Refulgent on my soul. Before me lay
 A valley guarded with impending rocks,
 With meads and streams, and shady groves adorn'd.
 Full many an intricate and winding way,
 And many a thorny, many a flowery path,
 Trod by continual passengers, appeared
 In various perspective. Some rose aloft
 To stately towers and palaces that crown'd
 The summit of aspiring hills, and blaz'd
 Effulgent to the sun. Others retir'd,
 Sought the low valley, and the calm retreat
 Of groves and deepening glades, by placid streams
 Guiding their artless mazes. Others led
 To flowery bowers and meadows, whence arose
 The noise of merriment, and dance, and song.
 Not more perplexed and intricate that fam'd
 Daedalian labyrinth, where the Cretan king
 And lawgiver, sage Minos, held in dire

Captivity the Athenian youth, a prey
To the fell Minotaur, till Theseus slew
The insatiate monster, and gave Athens peace.

A while embarrassed I remained, in doubt
Whither to bend my unexperienced step :
Till issuing from a woody dale obscure
And solitary, lo a female form
Drew my attention! Sable her attire,
And flowing: pensive was her air; and slow
And graceful was her motion. Blooming health
Her lovely hue embellished: and her eye,
Soft and serene, express'd a mind benign,
And gentle, and engaging. Onward still
She moved, and seemed so lovely, and so mild,
And languishing, my bosom glow'd with love;
And, as by soft contagion, I perceived
Congenial languishment possess my soul.
Onward she came; with reverential awe
Lowly I bended. She, with aspect bland,
Thrice o'er me waved a myrtle bough, and thrice
Shook from the leaves drops of enchanting dew
Cold and pellucid. Sudden I perceiv'd
My bosom beat with marvellous desire
To follow her, unparagoned, and slow,
And gracefully retiring. To her dell
I followed: till behold, a winged Boy,
Lovely of feature, rosy, and array'd
In white apparel, with his tresses loose,

OF MELANCHOLY. 103

And playing with the sportive gale, appear'd
 Smiling before me. Ever and anon
 He shook his purple plumage, and a shower
 Of flowers and fragrant blossoms on my path
 Descended grateful. Then his harmless sports
 Jovial he practis'd. "Youth, said he, is blithe,
 " And ever lively, and that Power am I.
 " Yield thee to me, and to the festive vales
 " Of pleasure I will guide thee. Haste thee, leave
 " Pale Melancholy, pale, tho' she appear
 " Blooming to thee. Avoid her wayward path,
 " And her insidious converse; else despair
 " And pain shall be thy portion. Haste away,
 " And I will fill thee with delight." "Away!"
 Sternly replied the pensive Power, "nor tell
 " Of pleasures and delight! fruitless delight!
 " Pleasures that leave a sting." The Boy abash'd
 Withdrew reluctant, and his scattered flowers
 Withered before me. Then with easy grace,
 With dignity, and with a smile, the maid
 Addressed me wavering. "Think not to receive
 " Real enjoyment in the light pursuits,
 " And blandishment of pleasure. In her vales
 " And flowery arbours, and enchanting groves,
 " Vipers and serpents ly unseen to sting
 " The unwary traveller; and in the bowers
 " That garnish her deceitful mansion, hang
 " Fruits swelled with poison; lovely they appear,

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" Yet they will fill thee with disease, and pain,
 " And sorrow, and remorse. Nor idly climb
 " The ascent of vain Ambition, tho' her towers
 " Shine with illustrious glory, they contain
 " Demons and fiends to scourge thy soul, and oft
 " They hurl the hapless victim of their power,
 " Down to the gulf of Infamy, to rue
 " In anguish and contrition, all the days
 " He wasted in pursuit of fame. With me
 " And Solitude retiring, thou shalt gain
 " Immunity from all the various ills
 " Attendant on the social state. No guile,
 " No slanderous malice shall destroy thy peace :
 " But thou shalt taste unspeakable delight,
 " And independent, suited to the state
 " Of man, a wandering passenger below."

More than her melting eloquence, her air
 So languishing and tender, and her grace,
 And mildness of demeanour, and her eye
 Swimming in tears, subdued me. O what high
 Ineffable enjoyment seized my soul,
 Soon as I entered that obscure recess,
 Lonely and devious ! Ravishment divine !
 Like that of Numa, when by Tyber's stream,
 Secluded from the public view, he rang'd
 The woodlands with Egeria, and his mind
 Stored with immortal wisdom. Cliffs abrupt
 And shelving rocks incumbent o'er the glade,

On either side rose awful: and below
 Deep woods extended their dark umbrage, far
 Into the valley. Pines, and mournful yews,
 And weeping willows, poplars to the breeze
 Waving their foliage, and the cypress, grew
 Spontaneous in that lone retreat. The streams
 And fountains issuing from the caverned rocks
 Flowed in meanders murmuring thro' the vale.
 At intervals the widowed dove bewail'd
 Her mate untimely slain. And, tuneful, oft
 Amid the twilight of the grove was heard
 The tale of Tereus, and the unequalled wrongs
 Of Philomela. How the solemn gloom
 My soul o'ershadowed! as by gliding streams,
 By darksome grottos, underneath the brow
 Of ivy'd cliffs, thro' many a winding path,
 Many a low valley and forsaken lawn
 I strayed with my conductor: she the while
 Ravished my heart, reciting various tales
 Of human suffering, and with plenteous tears
 Mourning the fate of virtue, oft compell'd
 To bend beneath oppression, and endure
 Penury, scorn, and insolent rebuke.
 O how her eloquence with rapture fill'd
 My bosom, as her tuneful tongue deplor'd
 The fleeting nature of terrestrial bliss.
 Often she paused, and sighing sore, resum'd
 Her lamentable strain, repeating oft,

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" Ah me ! how vain the promises of joy !
 " How vain the visions of deceitful hope !
 " Fair smiles the valley in the eye of morn,
 " With dewy blossoms, and with vernal airs,
 " But soon the unexpected tempest lours,
 " And blasts the beauties of the transient scene."

Onward we journeyed, and behold the vale
 With deeper horror frowned ; the savage rocks
 More savage seemed ; the mazy streams, erewhile
 So pleasing, flowed more slowly, and were stain'd
 With a funereal dye, and marmored hoarse
 And horrible. Even my conductor seem'd
 Less lovely and engaging, for her hue
 Erewhile so rosy left her ; in its stead
 Paleness suffused her features ; and her eye
 Grew heavy, unenlivened with those mild
 And sweet expressions that enticed my heart.
 Oft from the adjacent groves wailings were heard
 And lamentations. Imprecations dire,
 At times, appalled me. Orphans rest of hope
 Wailed with the widow, and with plenteous tears
 Bedewed the urns and ashes of the dead.
 From many a glade issued the woeful plaint
 Of lovers, racked with unabating pangs,
 Pierced with the ingratitude and bitter scorn
 Of those they worshipped. Many a voice bewail'd
 The changes of affection, and the smile
 Of counterfeited friendship. Others griev'd,

OF MELANCHOLY. 107

Galled with the shafts of slander, and the wounds
 Inflicted by the secret hand of guile
 Prompted by malice. Bards, who had aspir'd
 To gain the applauses of Apollo, mourn'd
 Their fruitless labour, and their laurels torn
 By envy, by unmerited neglect
 And censure blighted. Many a voice deplor'd
 The fall of public virtue, the decay
 Of freedom and fair honour, and that craft
 And foul ambition gathered the reward
 Due to the patriot. Frequent I beheld,
 Graved on the adjacent rocks, inscriptions, urns,
 Devices of sad import, and the tales
 Of those that travelled thro' the dale grown wild,
 Gloomy, and rugged, rest of every joy.

My soul was smitten; when a human form,
 Meagre, and gaunt, and squallid, from a cave
 Fast by, accosted me. Of middle age
 He seem'd, and proffered me a cup. I knew
 The beverage baneful, yet with reckless mind,
 By cruel sorceries compelled, I quaff'd,
 Too plenteously I quaff'd the invenomed draught,
 Brewed by Solicitude of bitter drugs,
 And fell infernal mixtures. He, the brood
 Of Melancholy, in that dreary cave
 Begotten fatherless, with rites abhor'd,
 And muttered incantations, ay contrives
 The ruin of the unhappy travellers, lur'd

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To tread the mazes of that dire retreat.
Bending on me his haggard eye, with frowns
And sharp rebuke reproving me, "Behold
"What you have forfeited," he cried, "and lost."
Then with a rod instinct with magic power,
He smote the adamantine rocks; and lo,
Disparting, they disclosed on the other side
A lovely landscape, an extensive plain
Watered with lucid streams, adorned with woods
And lawns and meadows. A delicious gale
Breathed odours, gathered from the fruits and flowers
Of that Arcadian scene. And soon appeared
Shepherds and nymphs, to minstrelsy of pipes
Dancing in antic measures. How I long'd
To share their merriment; alas, in vain!
The fell magician smote the rocks; they clos'd,
And barred my passage. As an exile, left
Alone on some deserted shore, exposed
To famine and the rage of savage beasts,
Viewing afar the lessening sails of those
That left him, smites his bosom, and deplores
His direful destiny; so in that wild
And weary wilderness I wept. 'Twas now
Darkness descended terrible, and lo,
A threatening shape, armed with a cruel scourge,
With fiery eyeballs, and fierce gestures stern,
Pursued me. It was Fear, of Fancy born
To fell Solicitude. For Fancy oft

OF MELANCHOLY. 109

Leaves her Elysian mansions, and her smiles
 And gay attire, and in the dreary waste,
 Pensive arrayed in a funereal pall,
 With Melancholy muses. Her the fiend,
 Amid the gloom of a Tartarian grove,
 Ravished with brutal violence, and impregn'd
 With Fear and those mishapen spectres, ay
 Prompting his rage, and to his dire behests
 Obsequious. Me he menaced and assail'd:
 I ran and wept; he followed, and with yells
 Appalled me. O what miseries I endur'd
 In rugged paths forlorn; athwart the gloom
 Demons and ghastly visages uncouth
 Glared horrible. Thick voices indistinct,
 Behind me, terrified my fainting soul;
 And oft, swift shooting thro' the deepening shades,
 The livid lightning gleamed and often scath'd
 And cleft the groaning forest. Still I urg'd
 My miserable flight, till I attain'd
 An awful precipice abrupt. O there
 By furious fiends thro' various paths pursu'd
 What wretches were assembled! Loud lament,
 And wailing and fierce frantic screams arose
 Horrid around me, and beside me, lo,
 Pale Melancholy. "Down ye plaintive crew."
 Imperious with a hollow voice she cry'd:
 "Down to the regions of Despair." They yell'd
 And headlong plunged into the dark abyfs.

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What horror seized me trembling on the verge
 Of that tremendous precipice! a while
 Irrresolute I stood: Fear urged behind
 With his infernal furies; and the fiend
 Solitude, and Melancholy, now
 A loathsome hag. O Heaven! I cry'd. A flood
 Around me blazed of unexpected day.
 The spectres vanished. From an opening cloud
 A radiant form, as of a seraph, girt
 With robes effulgent, down the bending sky
 Came gliding. Soon my bosom recogniz'd
 The majesty of Wisdom, tempered sweet
 With condescending mildness. With a voice
 Full of subduing melody, benign
 And awful, he addressed me. "Haste thee hence.
 "Leave the retreats of Solitude: forego
 "The fellowship and wizard-arts of her
 "That late enticed thee, and betrayed thy soul
 "To Sorrow, urging thee to wild Despair.
 "Know, to Despair, magician dire, is given
 "Leave, for a time, to send his engines vile,
 "His crafty emissaries, to assail
 "Mankind by violence, or by guile to prove
 "Their manhood, and reliance in the Power
 "That rules the universe. Leave the abyss
 "Of sorrow, and unfathomable woe.
 "Seek the pursuits of social life: engage
 "In action: nor with overweening care

" Anxious anticipate events. To Heaven
 " Leave every issue. Act as it becomes
 " A reasonable, active being, form'd
 " By a beneficent, omniscient Power,
 " Supreme in the creation. To conduct
 " Thy steps from this inhospitable wild,
 " To guide thee to the vale of Peace, to shed
 " Flowers on thy passage, and to lift thy soul
 " With glad presages, smiling in the prime
 " Of lovely youth, Hope on celestial wings
 " Salutes thee. Be of comfort."—I awoke.
 The vision vanished. In the eastern sky,
 Arrayed with radiance, in his golden car,
 Phoebus appeared. Rayless and pale, the moon
 Sunk waning in the west. The hovering mists
 Involved the mountains in their fleecy skirts.
 The tuneful nightingale her mournful tale
 Ceased: in her stead the merry lark arose,
 And hailed the morning. Underneath, the vale
 So lovely with her cultivated fields,
 Her azure rivers, and her vocal groves,
 Her humble cottages, her lowing herds,
 Her shepherds piping, while their chearful flocks
 The dewy upland browzed, my soul inspir'd
 With peace, and gratitude, and soft delight.

T H E E N D.

THE
INDIANS.

A TALE.

P

INDIAN

T H E
I N D I A N S.

A
T A L E.

MARANO amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety. And her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

“ When will he return !” she said, “ my beloved
“ ONEYO ! the husband of my affections ! How I
“ long to behold him ! Ye waves of ONTARIO,
“ convey him to his native shore ; restore him to
“ his friends, restore him to my tender embrace.
“ O when shall I behold him ? When will the swift
“ canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft
“ the hero to his glad some isle ! Yes, thou happy
“ isle ! Thy rocks, thy resounding glades and thy
“ forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the
“ village. The Elders shall come forth to receive,
“ him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me !

"Peradventure he hath perished! Or now expires
 "in some bloody field! Impetuous in his valour,
 "and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he
 "rushes on the foe, and falls!" While MARANO
 thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable ONON-
 THIO was drawing nigh to console her. He had
 perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had follow-
 ed her unobserved from the village. He was the
 father of ONEYO, one of the Elders of the nation,
 revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his huma-
 nity. Temperate in his youth and active, in his old
 age he was vigorous and chearful. The furrows on
 his brow were, not those of anxiety, but of time.
 His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He
 loved MARANO with the affection of a father. "Be
 "comforted," he said; "give not thy soul to de-
 "spondency. The great SPIRIT who rides in the
 "whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder,
 "the father and governor of all things, will protect
 "thee. But to merit his favour, be resigned to his
 "will. It is impious to anticipate misery, and render
 "ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted.
 "Yet capricious inconsistent mortals, timid at once
 "and presumptuous, tremble with the imagina-
 "tion of danger, and complain as if their sufferings
 "were real. They create miseries to themselves,
 "and arrogantly charge them on the ALMIGHTY.
 "Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against

" the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT. If you repine inconfide-
 " rately, if you complain without actual cause, you
 " rebell. He hath commanded us to be happy, he
 " is ever offended with our disobedience; but if we
 " encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By de-
 " stroying your own tranquillity, you are no less an
 " enemy to the general system of happiness, he hath
 " ordained, than if you injured the peace of another.
 " Be comforted. ONEYO may soon return loaded
 " with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the
 " gallant warriors of France."

" To see my husband return in safety," she re-
 " plied, " is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded
 " with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition
 " to my joy." The Indian seemed astonished. " Have
 " you forgotten," she continued, " that I myself
 " am a Briton? That I was carried violently from
 " my father's house, when the OUTAGAMI ravaged
 " our land, and carried terror to the gates of Al-
 " bany? My parents perished. I was yet a child;
 " but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother
 " of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey
 " of their fury. Since that time, many years are
 " elapsed; Yet at the name of Briton, my bosom
 " glows with peculiar transport."

" I fondly imagined," answered the Indian,
 " that you loved us. We named you after the man-
 " ner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged,

"and you languish for the land of your fathers. I
 "called you my daughter, but, MARANO, you
 "would leave me." Uttering these words he looked
 tenderly upon her. "You would leave me," he re-
 peated, and a tear rose in his eye. MARANO was
 affected. She clasped his hand and pressed it to her
 rosy lips. "No I will never leave thee. My heart is
 "thine and my beloved ONEYO's. I revere thee.
 "Can I forget thy compassion. Can I forget the
 "dreadful day when the OUTAGAMI, in an assem-
 "bly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their
 "god ARESKOU. You was present on an embassy
 "from your people. ONEYO in the bloom of early
 "years had accompanied his father. He was beside
 "you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. A-
 "las! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes.
 "ONEYO intreated you to relieve me. Your own
 "heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf,
 "you redeemed me and called me yours. ONEYO
 "hastened to my deliverance, he loosened my fet-
 "ters and clasped me to his breast. Our affection
 "grew with our years: you beheld it with kind in-
 "dulgence, and ratified our wishes with your con-
 "sent. I have heard of European refinements, of
 "costly raiment and lofty palaces; yet to me the
 "simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more
 "delightful. But if ONEYO returns not, I am un-
 "done. Many moons have arisen since with the

" flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons are
 " already wailing for their sons.—ONEYO, alas !
 " is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are un-
 " daunted. The blood of their foes has already
 " tinged the Ohio ; Canada trembled at their ap-
 " proach, and may ere now have become the prize
 " of their valour. Ah me ! if thy son hath fallen,
 " grief will subdue thee ; I know the tenderness of
 " thine affection, it will pull thee down to the grave.
 " Who then will be a comforter to me ? Who will
 " be my friend ? Among a strange people I have no
 " father to protect me, no brother to counsel and
 " give me aid."

ONONTHIO was about to reply, when an Indian
 from the village accosted them. He told them with
 a sorrowful aspect that the hopes of their tribe were
 blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring na-
 tion, having returned from Canada, brought certain
 intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends ;
 that they had with difficulty escaped ; that ONEYO
 was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle ;
 that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have
 fallen a victim to their fury.

MARANO was overwhelmed. ONONTHIO heaved
 a sigh : but the hapless condition of his daughter,
 and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended
 and relieved his sorrow. " If my son hath fallen,"
 he said, " he hath fallen as became a warrior. Mis-

"praise shall be preserved by his kindred and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. ONEYO shall not die unrevenged." "He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered, after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe; they have brought captives to our island: the Elders of the nation are now assembled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead; and defer their execution only till your arrival." "Alas!" said MARANO, "the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband? Or heal his ghastly wounds? Or reanimate his breathless bosom? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the deserts, in some blissful valley where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I will not live." She intreated in vain: the Indian was urgent, and ONONTHIO seconded his solicitation.

That nation of Indians of which ONEYO was a leader, inhabited an island in the lake Ontario.

Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream issuing from a rock, and running thro' a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars embellished with quaint devices and the parade of masonry lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians and soldiers. The young men of the nation in the prime of health and vigour, were usually engaged in the chase. Their principal business was to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend them against any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprize, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexte-

rous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees ; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of Wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger, and fatigue : and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chase, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The Elders of the village, who were promoted to authority not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the center of the village, and deliberated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately, and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in

their decisions. In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of ONEVO and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom, in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The Elders were assembled;

the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Tho' MARANO was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader in the prime of youth was comely, vigorous and graceful. The fullness of undaunted and indignant valour was portrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye full of ardour and invincible firmness surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution, their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. MARANO sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth like ONEYO may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he

"relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for
 "his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and for-
 "saken like me, may by his death be made deso-
 "late." She then reflected on her own condition,
 and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into
 captivity in her early years she was a stranger to her
 people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer
 existed: and he who had been to her as a father,
 overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into
 the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved
 for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnani-
 mity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt
 unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not ex-
 press. She longed to accost him. "He was of her
 "nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endea-
 "vour to save him! Could she behold him tortured,
 "nor shed a tear for his sufferings!" Meantime one
 of the elders of the nation made a signal to the mul-
 titude. Immediate silence ensued. Then with a look
 of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the cap-
 tive! "The caldron boils, the ax is sharpened. Be
 "prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit
 "of the deceased is yet among us: he lingers on the
 "mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects
 "a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you
 "a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee.
 "Prepare for torture and painful death." "Infllict
 "your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns

" them. I have no parents to lament for SIDNEY.
 " In Albany they were massacred, massacred by in-
 " human Indians. I had a Sister—I lost her. She
 " was carried into captivity, and became the victim
 " of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are
 " fearless, for they are Britons. Inflict your tor-
 " tures: my soul contemns them; but remember,
 " the day of vengeance shall overtake you."

MARANO was astonished—"Of Albany! Reft of
 " his parents by the sword! And of a sister!"—
 Suffice it to say, he was her brother—Mutual was
 their amazement, their affection mutual. She fell on
 his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms.
 His soul was softened. MARANO for a time was
 speechless. At length weeping, and in broken ac-
 cents, "And have I found thee! A brother to solace
 " and support me. Who will soothe me with sympa-
 " thizing tenderness! Who will guide me through
 " the weary wilderness of my sorrow! Who will be
 " to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn; my
 " soul languished and was afflicted; but now I will
 " endure with patience." Then turning to the asto-
 nished multitude, "He is my brother! Born of the
 " same parents! If I have ever merited your favour,
 " O save him from destruction." They were deeply
 affected. "Be not dismayed," said ONONTHIO. He
 spoke with the consent of the Elders. "Be not dis-
 " mayed. The brother of MARANO shall be to us as

" ONEYO." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger, " Young man, I have lost a son, MARANO a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we were desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of MARANO; by her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valour, and steady boldness, may you inherit his renown." So saying, he presented to him the Calumet of peace, and a girdle of Wampum. SIDNEY listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. " To have given him his life, would not have surprised him; but the transition from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension." " You reason," answered the Indian, " according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms; and they give the hand of friendship, while they meditate injury. As their resentments are ever mingled with malice, they are lasting. They are not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to secure them from su-

" ture wrong, but endeavour to ruin the offender and
 " overwhelm him with utter infamy. Conscious of
 " the bitterness of their own souls, they impute a
 " corresponding temper to their adversaries. Their
 " resentment instead of being lessened by gratification,
 " grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and
 " thus it becomes easier for them to forgive the
 " wrong they suffer, than the injury they inflict. The
 " implacable unforgiving temper produced by male-
 " volence, timidity, and conscious weakness, ever
 " predominates in effeminate and feeble natures. But
 " the resentment of generous souls is liberal, and
 " leaves room for reconciliation and future friend-
 " ship. Men of mild and benevolent dispositions,
 " unpolluted by covetous or ambitious desires, and
 " therefore unimbittered by their unhappy effects,
 " by envy, rancour, and malice, are magnanimous
 " without any effort, ever desirous of being forgiven,
 " and ever apt to forgive. You was about to suffer
 " death, and you accuse us in your heart of cruelty.
 " But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to
 " whom the great Spirit hath imparted reason and
 " reflection, that he is more depraved than the wild
 " beasts of the desert: for even they are not cruel,
 " but in their own defence, and for their own pre-
 " servation. Judge not therefore of our conduct till
 " you are acquainted with our motives, and have
 " reflected on our condition. He truly is barbarous

" and inhuman, who to satisfy some lewd or selfish
 " appetite unworthy of reason, unworthy of human
 " nature, destroys the peace of the innocent, prac-
 " tises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the
 " feeble and defenceless, betrays the friend of his
 " bosom, or sells the freedom of his people for gold.
 " But the simple Indian is not inhuman. Our reason
 " may be obscured, but our principles are innocent.
 " Our passions may be excessive, but they are not
 " corrupt. Deeply afflicted for the calamity that
 " hath befallen us, and moved with high veneration
 " for the memory of a gallant warrior, we thought
 " of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due
 " to his virtues. As we grieve not for the deceased
 " who is happy, and whose memory will be for ever
 " revered; but for ourselves who are deprived of
 " him, our intention was not to injure you, but to ho-
 " nour the dead. You was about to suffer death, but
 " to a resolute undaunted warrior, death is not an
 " injury, it exempts him from corporeal infirmities,
 " and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed.
 " Death is not a misfortune but to the feeble, to
 " those whose lives have dishonoured their memory,
 " who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and
 " affront the Almighty with their distrust. We
 " admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and
 " conscious of having entertained no sentiment of
 " hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention

“ of exposing your memory to insult or contempt;
 “ without fear or reserve we now offer you our
 “ friendship.”

“ Can I,” answered the European, filled with
 astonishment and admiration, “ who am of a diffe-
 “ rent origin, born of a people whom you have
 “ reason to execrate, and the votary of a different
 “ religion, can I be adopted into your nation ?”

“ It is the language of prejudice,” replied ONON-
 THIO, “ the simple, unaffected Indian, the child of
 “ nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a
 “ stranger to your distinctions. Is not the great Spirit
 “ the father of us all ? are we not all children of the
 “ same family ? and have we not in the structure
 “ both of body and mind, undoubted evidence of the
 “ same original ? Nature ever wise and provident for
 “ her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets
 “ in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their
 “ country. But nature never commanded us to hate
 “ or condemn the stranger. Avoid the contagion of
 “ vice, avoid all those whose corrupt and degenerate
 “ nature may contaminate the purity of your inno-
 “ cence, and infect your bosom with guilt. But every
 “ other distinction estranging us from mankind, and
 “ setting us at variance with society, is the offspring
 “ of pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a
 “ different religion I deny. Like the Indian, you ac-
 “ knowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity of

“ the creating Spirit : It matters not tho’ the external form and mode of your acknowledgment be different, or though you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country ; but give us your friendship and intrepid valour.”

To this he replied, “ Tho’ I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, tho’ I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe.”

“ Away with your culture and refinement,” said ONONTHIO, “ Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid ? Do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of heaven ? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation and fortitude ? No ! They unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness ? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites ? No ! they promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discontent and disease ! Away with your culture and refinement ! Do they better the heart or improve the affections ? The heart despises them. Her affections arise spontaneously. They require no culture. They bloom un-

" bidden. They are essential to our existence, and
 " nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice.
 " All our affections as we receive them from nature
 " are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they
 " are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of
 " youth ! In the early seasons of life ye are moved
 " with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of
 " sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then inca-
 " pable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In
 " time ye grow callous ; ye become refined ; your
 " feelings are extinguished : ye scoff at benevolence,
 " and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust
 " and perfidious ; the slaves of avarice and ambition ;
 " the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away
 " with your refinement ! enjoy the freedom and sim-
 " plicity of nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian."

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with
 armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly.
 They were transported with extacy and surprise when
 they descried the ensign of their nation, and recog-
 nized some of their brethren whom they imagined
 slain. The hopes of MARANO were revived. She en-
 quired eagerly for ONEYO. " He perished," answered
 an Indian. She grew pale, her voice faltered,
 faint and speechless, she fell back on the throbbing
 breast of ONONTHIO. " He perished," continued the
 Indian, " and with him the prime of our warriors.
 " The armies of France and Britain were marshalled

"beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the ha-
 "voc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock
 "of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated
 "peals. The commanders of both armies were slain.
 "Their fall was glorious, for their souls were
 "undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants.
 "Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at
 "length prevailed. Her sons like a rapid torrent
 "overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We
 "counselled ONEYO to retire. Raging against the
 "foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we
 "saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We
 "saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who
 "brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy
 "him. We hastened from the field of death. We
 "tarried some time in the adjacent forests, and ob-
 "served the progress of the foe. The walls of our
 "allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will
 "pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our
 "ONEYO is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with
 lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the
 sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eye
 accidentally on the Briton, "Seize him, tear him,"
 he exclaimed; "his was the lifted sword I beheld!
 "It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was
 "he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed.

“ I am innocent of his blood,” said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of ONONTHIO in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. MARANO distracted with contending woes, “ Spare him! spare him!” exclaimed, “ He is my brother!” Fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, “ whose hands are red with the blood of my husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?” “ Tear him!” exclaimed the multitude. MARANO clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, “ Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled.” The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. ONONTHIO took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted

MARANO, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son!" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage, "I know not whom I may have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said ONONTHIO, full of solicitude and parental tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O tell me if my son survives."

"I slew him not," he replied. "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life. "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a

“ suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose
 “ life depends upon mine: the wife of my bosom is
 “ a stranger among my people, and I alone can pro-
 “ tect her.” Generous youth,” I replied, “ go com-
 “ fort and protect thy friends. I sent him forthwith
 “ from the field. I never enquired into his condition,
 “ for in preserving him I obeyed my heart.” MA-
 RANÓ and ONONTHIO were overjoyed. But reflect-
 ing that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture
 of their allies, and that hitherto they had received
 no intelligence of ONEYO, their joy suffered abate-
 ment.

Meantime ONONTHIO counselled his daughter to
 conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and pre-
 serve them there, till by his influence and authority
 he had appeased the violence of his brethren.
 “ Judge not unfavourably of my nation,” said he,
 “ from this instance of impetuosity. They follow
 “ the immediate impulse of nature, and are often
 “ extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will
 “ soon abate, and reason will resume her authority.
 “ You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted;
 “ luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are
 “ wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are
 “ utter strangers.”

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed
 to their hamlets. The sky was calm, and unclouded.
 The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty

arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The gray hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons. MARANO with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. MARANO conversed long with her brother, she poured out her soul in his sympathizing bosom, she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of MARANO, her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of SIDNEY, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacence. Calm and unruffled was their repose,

they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was ONEYO. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

“ I will return secretly,” he said. “ I will enjoy
 “ the sorrow and regret of MARANO and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy
 “ the extacy of their affection, and their surprise on
 “ my unexpected arrival. My lovely MARANO now
 “ laments unconsolated. I will hasten to relieve her,
 “ and press her weeping with joy to my faithful
 “ transported bosom.”

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of ONEYO, when he discovered

MARANO in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognized his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed ONEYO shall not live. Thou great Universal Spirit whose path is in the clouds! Whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for ONEYO will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful, for her I lived, for her I die." He advanced towards her, he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me! faithless and inconstant. She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed! To give her love to a

"stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin.—MARANO named him: her voice was soft and plaintive, her visions were of ONEYO. "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love! Tarry not my ONEYO!" "How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I'll embrace thee." He embraced her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go cherish thy stranger." "Away perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother—" "Stranger," said he to the Briton who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life."

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. ONONTHIO received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

THE END.

